Harvard Coll. Lib'y

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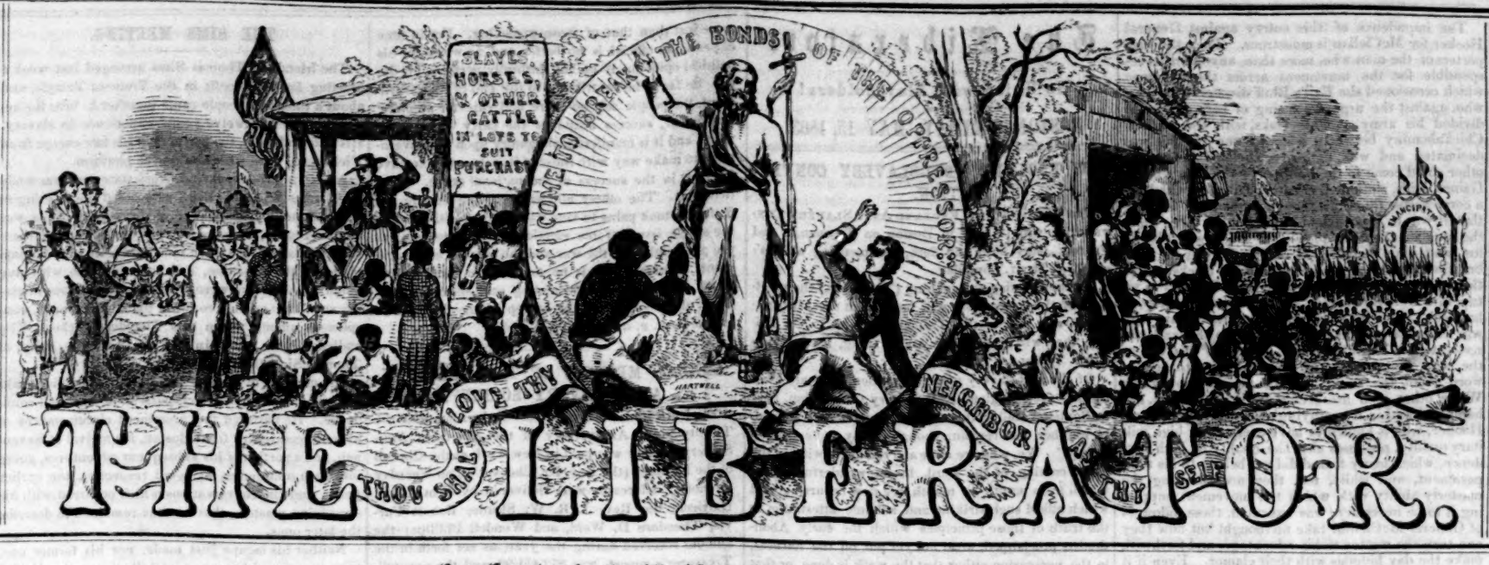
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOVE TO SUIT PURCHASERS
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSOR
THOU SHALT LOVE THY
NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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Refuge of Oppression.

TREASON IN MASSACHUSETTS.

It is incredible that the people of Boston allow in their city the weekly publication of such infamous utterances as the following, from the *Liberator* of April 24th.

* * * *

Perhaps we err in saying that it is incredible. Within the past two years, "Loyalty" has become a word of purely arbitrary signification in the mouths of the men who use it for the time. The New York radical papers which denounce their political opponents as disloyal, have no word of censure for this Boston paper, but on the contrary, they delight in honoring Mr. Wendell Phillips, whose name is printed conspicuously at the head of the *Liberator* as one of the managers of its finances.

In the Middle and Western States we hear daily of the seizure of newspapers and the arrest of editors for alleged treasonable sympathies. We have never seen in a paper published out of Massachusetts a more atrocious article than this, and yet it will pass unnoticed by "loyal leaguers," unnoticed by radical newspapers, who would mob the office of the Boston *Courier* or *Post* to-day, if either of them should express a sentiment remotely in favor of the destruction of the Union.

While the men whom these disunion abolitionists call disloyal have been the unwavering defenders of Union and Constitution, their maligners are permitted to preach treason in the pulpit, publish treason in their newspapers, and are received with distinguished attentions on the floor of Congress and in the mansions of the highest government officers.

The *Tribune* devoted a column yesterday to the fierce denunciation of certain suspected traitors. If they were indeed guilty, they deserve hanging as high as Haman. But what has the *Tribune* to say to the above extract from the *Liberator*? Here is a bold confession of crime, an unblinking challenge to loyal men to confront, and, if they dare, to punish them. What say you, gentlemen of the Loyal Leagues? Do you wish more papers of the *Liberator* stamp? Is this the kind of literature you approve? If not, dare you express your minds and denounce these men as they deserve, or are you afraid it might cost you a few abolitionist votes in the next elections?

It is a shock to the moral sense of the world that an officer was dismissed the service, a few days ago, for voting a Democratic ticket in New Hampshire, but no word of caution or rebuke comes from the self-styled "loyal" party for this outspoken treason in Massachusetts.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

FAILURE OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

The Abolitionists will fail. They accepted war, which might have been avoided with honor, because they thought it would furnish an occasion to strike at slavery. For the first year and a half of the war, they were not satisfied with its management. They berated the administration bitterly because it would not come up to their standard. It came at length, and now they exult in the hope that slavery is to be destroyed. This fallacious hope is likely to cost us everything. Millions of men who would never lift a finger to save the Union, now join in the war-cry, and goad on the administration to relentless and merciless war. A large portion of these men are ignorant and credulous. The administration feeds them daily upon falsehoods, and they are led to suppose that the South will speedily succumb to their demands. So they fight on, blindly, frantically and hopefully; while others know they are going to certain ruin. The Southern people are not going to submit to any such policy; and if it is not abandoned, we might as well sit down and calculate what it will cost us to exterminate twelve millions of people, and what particular profits are expected to flow from such a work. This view supposes the possibility of carrying on the war to that extent. But long before it could reach such a result, there are many causes which may arrest it. The abolition of slavery is not one of them.

The Abolitionists indulge in a great many "vague and glittering generalities" in regard to this matter, but we do not think there is any common and well defined idea of the results they expect to follow their policy. Some think the gentle and docile Southerners will consent, by and by, to issue free papers to all their slaves, and then hire them for such wages as Charles Sumner may stipulate, and work them on tobacco, cotton, rice or sugar, according to the necessities of Massachusetts. Others with less faith in their tractability of character, purpose to develop the resources of the South under the superintendence of Provost Marshals, with an army at the heels of each. Others propose to exterminate the whites, and let the blacks possess the land, alone, or in conjunction with discharged soldiers.

All these schemes are worthy of their origin; and they flow from that peculiar mental organization, which, in other forms of development, sends men to the mad-house. Its results will be worse here, for, when it appears to public appreciation that all these schemes must fail, it will then be too late to save what will have been lost by this fatal digression.

Slavery will not be abolished by this war, and our sacrifices of men and money will be in proportion to the extent to which that purpose is carried in its management. Those who like the purpose, and intend to back it, may count themselves in for a war from which only death or wiser counsels can relieve them. A majority of our people will not willingly take any part in any war whose purpose is not the restoration of the old Union.—*Manchester Union.*

THE NEGRO ARMY OF THE NORTH.

Philosophers on the origin of society tell us that warfare is the most distantly removed condition from civilization. This may be true, but it is certain that in the profession of arms in modern times, there are noble graces of manner to be obtained, which no other vocation presents. Here is a common fact which we all perceive. No doubt, it is in perception of it, the Radicals have introduced the bill authorizing the enrolment of a hundred and fifty thousand black soldiers. This is a bold first step in civilizing a barbarous race. It is impossible for it to be followed by any martial glory to America. The blacks will neither bring up the rear with decency, nor lead at the front with honor; nor hold the middle with respectable firmness. Their friends have gone too far. They are not fit yet to lead, for such a great nation as this, the noble career of arms. They are as fit to be the soldiers of this country as their abettors are to be its statesmen. One Southern regiment of white men would put twenty regiments of them to flight in half an hour. *Twenty thousand negroes on the march would be smelled ten miles distant.* No scouts need ever be sent out to discover such warriors. There is not an American living that should not blush at the plan of making such a race the defenders of the national fame and power; and every American living, if he has any independent patriotism in his heart, will cry it down.—*Boston Pilot.*

Selections.

HENRY WINTER DAVIS ON EMANCIPATION.

This distinguished Marylander recently made a speech at Hamilton, Ohio, in which he discussed the emancipation question in terms that contrast powerfully with the course of many Northern men. We take the following from the report of his remarks:—

"They were amused in Maryland at the anxiety of the Yankees about the effect of emancipation. They don't know the negro. There is only one thing that will make him run, and that is, the consciousness that his master is behind him. (Laughter.) In Pennsylvania they had laws against the emigration of blacks, but when did the good people of that State hear of a free negro of Maryland going thither? It is only the slave that flies from the South. Do away with slavery, and the negro will keep on the sunny side of the Union; abolish slavery in the South, and you abolish the possibility of the negro coming North.

By the act of the South, the Fugitive Slave Law is a dead letter. Who will now dare to cross the frontier to catch a fugitive? If slavery continues, you can no more keep the negroes out of the free States than Pharaoh could keep the frogs out of the kneading troughs of Egypt. (Laughter.) They will lie on every street. But protect them in the South, by a law of Congress, make what the President has proclaimed a legal fact, that the Government must use them, and will use them, and having proclaimed pardon throughout the land, will not allow it to be violated, and the terrors of your sensitive fellow-citizens will melt away. You will have recriminations as long as the institution exists. It might be asked why this had not been said at the South. It had been, forty years ago. Mr. Clay was borne down, as it were, by the current of the Mississippi. Northern men were sworn on the negro as on the Bible. There was a coalition between the slaveholders of the South and the politicians of the North; but the principles of Mr. Clay have not died out. It is a question of methods, and not whether emancipation is right. It was a question whether slavery had not so diseased the body politic as to endanger the Government in its removal. But the rebellion has changed the relation of the people to slavery, and we ought to be thankful that the rebellion has placed us in such a position that we have now the opportunity of placing the institutions of this land upon the basis of permanent freedom. (Applause.) This is not the crazy theory (!) of abolitionists. To abolish slavery now is the natural course of things—the current is that way—it is harder not to abolish slavery than to abolish it. The policy of the President's proclamation is not a policy to be carped at and criticised, but to be executed. And the man who says he is for the Union, but cannot support the President because of the proclamation, is not fit to represent any district of the United States in Congress. (Applause.) The speaker's quarrel with the President was this: Not that he has done too much, but that he has done too little. He ought now to have 100,000 armed negro soldiers in the middle of South Carolina, and that class of persons who refuse to fight by the side of negroes because afraid of being equal with them, do not deserve the name of free men, for they refuse to fight by the side of such men as Washington led. At the battle of Bladensburg, he was assured by an eye-witness now living, that half of the troops that came to the relief of our forces which had been disgracefully repulsed, were negroes, and they gallantly sustained themselves in the thickest of the fight."

TRIBUTE TO NEW ENGLAND.

What shall we say of that scheme which aims at a reconstruction of the Union by leaving New England out? Simply this: that, aside from any considerations of policy—without attempting to argue the question of a good or evil result from such a movement, the answer is plain enough: *you cannot do it*—and that which is impossible needs no argument for or against. The energy and activity of mind and body, the lofty independence, the firm self-reliance, the dogged determination and undaunted adherence to a great and high purpose, of the whole Saxon race, is concentrated in the people of that mountain land. Theirs have been the heads to plan and the hands to execute every great work we have accomplished since the foundation of our nationality. The railroads and canals and telegraphs of the North, the South, the East, and the West are their work; and their capital, and their inventive, energetic minds, still shape and control every great commercial enterprise of our land. Their sturdy emigrants have pushed civilization across the boundless prairies of the West, and opened the primeval forests of the Pacific States. Go where you will on the face of the earth, and you find them there before you, and ever the same busy, tireless apostles of progress, the leaders in every great work, and the rulers of commerce, everywhere looked up to as the type of the executive mind, and, by the tacit consent of Christendom, intrusted with the guidance of every enterprise requiring pluck, perseverance, and ceaseless activity. And theirs will still be the brains to control the destiny of our race, however isolated they may become, however they may be made the objects of distrust and contempt. Ay! shut them out if you will, and from that moment New England becomes the Switzerland of America, the home of great ideas and great men, the temple where freedom shall take up her everlasting abode, and the altar fires of liberty shall never die away. And her people will become the priests of that great religion which, taking its rise in a lofty appreciation of the true end of human existence, is already bursting out all over the Christian world, in fitful flames, which shall yet become the devouring element that shall wither and consume away oppression and kingcraft from the face of the earth. Shut her out, then, if you will, but you cannot shut out the flame which she shall kindle; you cannot shut out the tones of her trumpet voice, proclaiming to the world the doctrines of eternal truth. Self-reliant, possessing within themselves every element of success, her people can and will make their way, as heretofore, alone and unaided. Asking no favors of the world, they will pursue the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by the mutterings and growlings of their impotent foes, while their little republic, like a city set upon a hill, continues to reflect from her glittering pinnacles the sunlight of heaven to all quarters of the earth. The petty vengeance which the disunionists of to-day are attempting to wreak upon her will recoil upon their own heads, and they themselves may yet be forced some day to look to little New England as their redeemer from anarchy. A purely commercial people, her interests are not circumscribed by her narrow geographical limits, but are, as well as her tastes and sympathies, cosmopolitan. She stretches out her feelers to all parts of the earth, wherever her wandering sons may have betaken themselves, and fastens there a little vine or creeper whose roots are still in her own bosom. It is a part and a necessity of her very existence to handle and direct catholic interests. This, as well as her position in other respects, has made her the arbiter of this nation and country: and you can no more shut her out from participation in the affairs of this continent than you can shut in the mighty river from its outlet to the ocean. And if you cut her off, see to it that she does not become the little Rome whose conquering arms shall reduce all the nations of the continent to her sway!

No! New England has planted herself too deeply in the hearts of the American people—she has sprinkled too many of her scions among the population of the West and South—to allow of a moment's serious thought of cutting her off from our communion. The cry is but the party cry of the designing and evil disposed, the traitors to our name and nation; and with the crushing out of the rebellion and the restoration of our nationality, it will pass away forever.—*The Continental, for May.*

THE RICHMOND WHIG ON GENERAL McCLELLAN.

While General McClellan was at the head of the Potomac army, the rebel journals always spoke of him with great pretence of admiration. They used to assure the world that General McClellan was the only man they were afraid of—the only Yankee General whom they thought to be possessed of any genius.

These opinions were often cited by General McClellan's admirers. Now, however, when this officer is displaced from the army, and when there is no likelihood that he will ever return to command, the rebel journals come out with their real opinions of his merits as a military officer:—

[From the Richmond Whig, April 21.]

"THE LATE GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

"Young Napoleon is dead—dead beyond resurrection. In the flesh he may still walk the earth, but in spirit, in power, in the hope of glory, he is defunct. It is a noteworthy fact that the ulaloos and hullabaloos over this person have ceased in Yankeeland. For two or three months after his dismissal, he was the pet object of Democratic sympathy and conservative sympathy; but now, even beast Butler has grander ovations than he. His name is seldom heard among men. He is no more.

A review of his career from the time he claimed Rosecrans' laurels in the little affair at Rich Mountain, down to the time of the battle of Antietam, would be instructive to the nation of liars who accepted him at his own lying valuation, and discarded him because his falsehoods, gigantic as they were, produced no visible impression upon the rebellion. It might also profit the Confederacy to trace in the career of this braggart, the overruling power which has never failed to darken the counsels of the wicked, and to cause all things to work together for good in behalf of the just cause. Nothing is easier to prove, than that the elevation of McClellan to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Yankee army was all that was needed, after the election of Lincoln, to ensure our independence. The recital of a few facts will show how greatly we are indebted to him.

In October, 1861, he had 180,000 men, and the most overwhelming array of field artillery that has ever been seen upon this continent. Before him was an army of 40,000 Confederates, occupying Mason's and Munson's Hill, and defiantly daring him to come out of his fortifications. The roads were good and weather splendid: he had but to advance in force to gain an easy victory—so, at least, thought his master Lincoln. But he knew his men were cowards, and he was afraid of his reputation. He did not want to fight; he sought merely to push us from one position to another by dint of enormous numbers—hence the flank movement by way of Leesburg, which ended so horribly, and benumbed him with fright for three months.

Driven by an imperative order to advance again, in spite of the winter mud, he entered the entrenched camp at Manassas only to find it a mass of smouldering ruins.

He shipped round to the Peninsula, taking 112,000 men with him. Magruder opposed him with but 7,500 men, kept him in check, and forced him to the use of the spade and pick, his favorite weapons. He made siege, and in due time occupied our deserted lines. The battle of Williamsburg followed. His advance was whipped by Johnson's rear guard, but owing partly to the ignorance of the country, and to the bad handling of some of our troops, he was enabled to gain enough advantage on one wing to put some conceit into his men. He acknowledged, however, at one time it looked as if the Bull Run rout would be enacted again.

After this battle, an event occurred which has been forgotten, but deserves to be recalled. A Confederate surgeon, left in charge of the wounded, told McClellan his gunboats might possibly reach Richmond, but that his infantry never would. The little Napoleon smiled as if in pity of the surgeon's ignorance. The surgeon told him further, that the abolitionists were making a tool of him, and that they would throw him aside, proclaim a general emancipation of negroes, and put an abolitionist in his place. McClellan replied that he was in no fear of the abolitionists as long as he had command of that army. 'But,' he added, 'if they do throw me aside, and set the negroes free, I shall go to Europe, and cease to have anything to do with this war.'

How literally the surgeon's predictions have been fulfilled! McClellan has been kicked out of office; the insurrection proclamation has been issued; Hooker, a pure-blooded abolitionist, has command of the Army of the Potomac; and it has not been two weeks since McClellan, in a public speech, urged the people to sustain Lincoln. How debased the creature is! Why is he not in Europe, and why does he longer live here, except in hopes of a new appointment under the abolition despotism?

Space will not permit us to follow young Napoleon through the narrative of his career. The Yankees might have taken Richmond after the battle of the Seven Pines, when our forces were in confusion. After the battle of Hanover Court House they might have done the same thing. After the battle of Antietam the same.

In the report of the battle, he convicts himself of falsehood in the most glaring manner. He excuses himself for not renewing the battle the morning of the 18th, by saying his losses were so great, and there was so much disorganization in some of the commands, that he did not think it proper, especially as he was sure of the arrival that day of 15,000 fresh men. He happens to recollect the return of his enemy, Hooker's corps, viz., 35,000 men for duty, and four days after the same corps showed 13,500. Yet after this admission of loss and disorganization, he closes by claiming a great victory, with a capture of 13 guns, 39 colors, 15,000 small arms, and 6000 prisoners.

His bombastic despatches from Western Virginia secured his elevation. His reputation was founded on lies. In lies he towered, and under lies he is lost—crushed. How fortunate for us he was chosen chief of the Yankee army! With the immense numbers at his command, an officer of truth, enterprise and daring would have pushed us sorely; but he was in awe of his dishonest reputation. His lies had made him a coward, and from the first day to the last of his military career he did not dare, on a single occasion, to expose himself to fire. A mendacious, dastardly boaster, he perished so unmanfully that the ridiculousness of his last moments destroys every vestige of obligation conferred by his vain-glorious pretensions."

The Boston *Post*, *Courier*, and *Journal* will please copy. *Do! Please do!*—*Boston Herald.*

AN ILLUSTRATION OF MCCLELLAN.

Since the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, Gen. McClellan has quietly passed out of public notice, as a person of no further account. But there is a little story about him, authenticated by the best possible authority, which happily illustrates the nature of the reign to which for eighteen months we patiently submitted, that I may be pardoned for bringing up the dead General again, to tell it. I repeat that the evidence of its truth is such as no man will dare dispute.

Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of having frequent consultation with General McClellan, in the vain effort to fathom those mysterious "plans." Instead of sending a messenger to the young General to tell him the President wished to see him, Mr. Lincoln used to go quietly over to McClellan's headquarters. One day he failed to see him. The General was busily engaged with one of his staff—eating lunch. He was told the President was waiting to see him. "Tell him I am engaged," was the reply the young upstart sent out; and Mr. Lincoln absolutely went off without seeing him!

It is the best illustration possible of the condition of things to which inordinate puffery of a weak, vain man had brought us!—*Corr. Cincinnati Gazette.*

TOO SENSITIVE BY HALF!

Gen. Halleck, in a letter to the Sumter meeting in New York, wrote as follows:—

"We have already made immense progress in this war—a greater progress than was ever before made under similar circumstances. Our armies are still advancing, and, if sustained by the voices of the patriotic millions at home, they will ere long crush the rebellion in the South, and then place their heels upon the necks of sneaking traitors in the North."

This seems, to the unsophisticated intellect, a very proper and unobjectionable remark. It is to be presumed that all right-minded and loyal men desire to "crush the rebellion in the South," and that they will be equally anxious to place their "heels upon the heads of sneaking traitors in the North." Every resource of the country is strained to destroy the Southern traitors, and it is therefore somewhat hard to perceive why traitors of the Northern variety, and "sneaking" ones at that, should be objects of tender solicitude. But, strange as it may seem, the publication of Halleck's letter has exercised certain Democratic editors in a decidedly lively style. The Providence *Post* puts on the coat, and by its waspish remarks shows it to be a remarkably nice fit. The New York *World* perfectly foams with rage, and says that, by "sneaking traitors," Halleck undoubtedly meant the Democrats. But why should he? He is a Democrat himself, of the strictest sect, and of course would not indiscriminately abuse his old political friends, a large portion of whom do not deserve any such stigma. Perhaps the *World* knows some Democrats whom the phrase rightly describes. But it is rather imprudent for it to admit, as it virtually does, *whom* it considers the "sneaking cowards" to be.

It was said of a certain eminent English judge, that he "could smell fraud as far as an old rat could smell cheese." But the *World's* olfactories must be keener than even his, to construe a denunciation of a "sneaking traitor" into an "insult to the whole country." Hear it:—

"It is a stinging insult to the whole country that his atrocious threat should be made under his official signature by the highest officer in the army, who, "dressed in a little brief authority," and swollen with the insolence of office, thus signs himself in a letter addressed to a popular meeting."

After this, people must be careful how they denounce sneaking traitors, for fear of wounding the sensibilities of some tender-hearted Democrat of the Wood and Vallandigham school. There is no danger, however, that Dickinson, or Butler, or Bancroft, or any of *that* style of Democrats, will feel hurt.—*Yarmouth Register.*

THE OLD PUBLIC FUNCTIONARY.

A Harrisburg correspondent of the Pittsburg *Chronicle* gives the following graphic picture of the utter friendlessness of the man who once held the proudest office in the American gift, but who now goes down to his grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung":—

"A curious incident occurred to me on my return from Philadelphia, yesterday, to this place. At Downington, an aged man with profuse flaxenly-white whiskers, his long, white hair hanging over his coat collar, entered the cars. His hat was rather broad in the rim, and showed a large-sized head under it; the face is beginning to sink from its former flabby roundness, and the skin is drawing tightly over the cheek bones; the large eyes, one of which is slightly drawn aside, rolling around nervously and restlessly. Alone he entered the cars with a small portmanteau in his hand. No one accompanied him. No one greeted him upon his entrance, though his uneasiness of manner showed that he expected at least respect, if not adulation. Not a single salutation, either by bowing, by an offer of hands, or any other token of recognition, was given. The tremulous motion of hands and head showed that age was laying its hands heavily upon him. Seventy-five years was superinducing the debility which precedes paralysis. The step was feeble, and the form bowed.

I sat for an hour, a silent but attentive observer of all that was transpiring about him. Not a soul addressed him. Gloomy, absorbed and silent, he sat as one who felt keenly that power had departed, and with it his influence. Many of the passengers, and among them the soldiers on board, peered curiously at him, as they would at a wild animal of some unknown species in a menagerie. The soldiers, after looking at him, would pass into the forward cars, and curse him deeply and bitterly. Yet with all this dissatisfaction with his presence, there was no open insult by look, gesture or expression in his presence inflicted upon him. They respected too much the majestic sacredness of the office he had once filled.

The train at last reached Lancaster. A crowd was found surrounding the cars, as there always is at that place. The old man passed out as tremulously as he entered. No kind smile, no greeting, no warm shake of the hand, no eyes beaming with delight as they are wont to do upon one who has borne the highest honors his country could confer, when these honors have remained green and beautiful until honor is laid down and life departs. Shuffling slowly along the platform, he met only one person who noticed him—an aged janitor of the side rooms of the depot. Even this greeting was hailed with lively satisfaction. The interview lasted but a moment, and, like a fleeting shadow, James Buchanan passed into the main street of Lancaster, solitary and sad, amid his neighbors, and those who were his friends in former years.

THE BIBLE DODGE OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERATION.

The biographer of Dr. Chalmers tells a story of a freethinker, who one morning called upon the Doctor to talk over some doubts about Melchizedec. After considerable conversation, the doubter professed enlightenment. Suddenly, however, he remembered he was rather short of cash, and requested the Doctor to lend him a few pounds. Chalmers at once detected an impostor in the sceptic, and without further ceremony hurried him to the door, ejaculating as he went, "Not a rap, sir; not a rap!" Of the many methods of raising money by false pretences, raising it by religious cant is the most odious, though unhappily not the least successful. In this land of ours, there is a class of persons, far from inconsiderable either in numbers or influence, ready to give easy credence to any tale wearing a religious garb. Of course, where such a class of simple ones exist, there will always be found plenty of people astute enough to practise upon them. The most recent example of this astuteness that we have met with is the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond, Virginia. Moses has run the blockade in quest of Bibles for the Southern soldiers, who, it seems, are hungering for the bread of life. This worthy has, through the aid of Lord Shaftesbury, obtained a grant from the British and Foreign Bible Society of 10,000 Bibles and 15,000 Testaments and 250,000 Gospels, and Psalms in proportion. We were not before aware that the Society in question existed for the purpose to which its resources have in this case been devoted, and should not be at all surprised to find the Bible converted into bayonets before the Southern chaplain left the country. On Thursday last, the gentleman who makes this revelation of the liberality of the Bible Society was called to address the Southern Club at Liverpool. The Club in question, we may mention, is made up of ruffians systematically outraging the plainest precepts of morals, and evading British law by the equipment of cruisers to prey upon Federal commerce. But though all who know them are aware that religion is the last thing these Southern Clubmen trouble themselves with, they know the convenient stalking-horse it may be made among soft-headed Britishers. It is flattering to the officials of the Bible Society to find people coming from afar to beg of them the oracles of God. A reverend gentleman, who had actually braved the perils of the blockading squadron in his zeal to furnish Southern soldiers with Bibles!—how could the modest request of one so zealous be gainsaid? We don't exactly know the soft sawder by which he melted the hearts of the Bible Board; but we have before us his speech to the Southern Club. He, in common with the clergy of the South, believed the conflict in which his countrymen were now engaged to be one for the protection of the altar as well as home. We should like to know when and where the altar was menaced? The man who asserts, as Dr. Hoge does, that this is a war in defence of religion, no less than civil liberty, utters what he knows to be a lie. When talking of the interesting field for religious effort which the Confederate camp supplied, it was not convenient for the Doctor to explain that a much larger field beyond that camp lay uncultivated. He, indeed, lauds the piety of the South, but would he be good enough to let us see by what process of piety these Southerners make it penal to teach a black man to read the book of which they have just begged so many thousands? Dr. Hoge knows these laws, for every American knows them. He comes from a State in which they are sternly enforced—has he, then, ever raised his voice against the great iniquity? Had he done so, he would not this day have had a chaplainey in the army of Jefferson Davis. It must, no doubt, have been extremely gratifying to the Southern Club, that while there are, of course, as in all armies, "many wild, and reckless, and wicked men, there is very little infidelity" in rebeldom. The Confederate soldiery, Dr. Hoge assures us, believe in the divine inspiration of the Bible. It may be perversity, but this assurance awakens within us much the same feelings which the sermons of ruffians preached at the foot of the gallows kindle. We have always thought chaplains would act judiciously, if, as a rule, they suppressed testimonies to the power of the gospel emitted by scoundrels just about to be surrendered to the tender mercies of Calcraft. Dr. Hoge would have done his friends a service had he been a trifle less positive about their belief in the Bible. We know the use the Bible is put to in Southern hands. We know how,

"With garbled text and gloss of sin,
The lettered scroll denies the living soul within."

We know the South has sought, in that book which proclaims liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, the sanction of Heaven's law for a system under which every tie of nature, and every precept of morals, are trampled in the dust. "A man is known by the company he keeps." The company in which Dr. Hoge has appeared to enlist our sympathies in behalf of Southern piety consisted mainly of those giving themselves no rest in zeal to plunge our country into war with the North. That we do not speak without warrant upon this point, we have only to recall the fact that Mr. James Spence was conspicuous at the gathering. If there is one man in Britain more guilty than another of exerting a fiendish ingenuity in perverting public sentiment on the merits of the struggle between North and South, James Spence, of Liverpool, is that man. The relations recently disclosed as subsisting between Spence and the Confederacy, if known sooner, would have robbed his pleadings of much of their power, and more of their plausibility. Since that disclosure, he has sought, by effrontery, to blunt its effect. The force of impudence could no further go than in his appearance on Thursday, as sponsor for religion as a ruling principle with Jefferson Davis. We observe a member of the local Bible Society supports Mr. Spence in his eulogy of Southern piety. In answer to their twaddle, it cannot be too frequently told that so far from religion having aught to do with this conflict, the canting hypocrites now amongst us begging Bibles have based their government upon the negation of all religion. Under the leadership of divines, of whom Dr. Hoge may be esteemed a type, they have come to regard the idea that man should hold property in man as, so far from being a guilty phantasy, the most natural and proper thing in the world. Their creed is—"Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the laboring man, be he white or black." In days which modern civilization is pleased to designate the dark ages, the priest stood by the death couch of the feudal lord, refusing him absolution until he manumitted his serfs. But in these enlightened days, we have leading newspapers defending slavery as scriptural, and learned divines attempting to persuade us that men engaged in a war to make slavery perpetual are the salt of the earth. We would search the writings of the rudest infidel in vain, for a fouler libel upon religion than Dr. Hoge uttered, when asserting that Christianity fires the heart and nerves the arm of the Confederacy. "Evil, be thou my good," is the philosophy of the arch fiend. The Southern Confederacy appear actuated by the same grim and terrible resolve. But with a hypocrisy to which the Devil is a stranger, they clothe the resolution of hell in the livery of heaven. We don't know whether the Bible Society of Liverpool has, like its member, Mr. Anderson, been caught by the chaff the Confederate chaplain talked. We should think only those willing to be deceived could be taken in thereby. It is not the Bibles the South wants, but British sympathy. Bibles are sought in exactly the spirit Dr. Chalmers' sceptic sought the resolution of his doubts about Melchizedec. Shaftesbury would have done well to have taken counsel of Chalmers' common sense.—*Dunfermline (Scottish) Press.*

EXPERIENCE IN LOUISIANA.

The following extracts from a letter written in New Orleans, April 10th, by Rev. G. H. Hepworth, have been furnished to the *Transcript* for publication:—

I had quite an experience the other day, which, as it illustrates one phase of Southern life, I will relate. The General desired me to go down the river as far as the forts, and see if the Provost Marshals were doing their duty, and in what condition the plantations were, and whether the planters were faithful to their agreement. At the first plantation I called for the owner. Being a secesh true blue, he kept us—I was accompanied by Chaplain Wheelock, whom you know to be a true man, every inch of him—cooling our heels in the gallery for some little time. At last I sent an order, saying that I was on business, and could not delay it any longer. Then he chose to come. I was foolish enough to take his word concerning his plantation and his negroes—everything was well. The only difficulty was that the free labor system was proving a failure. I knew that it would prove a failure with him; so I told him that where it had been *fairly* tried, it had proved a success.

Just as I was getting into my carriage, a boy, black as the ace of spades, came fumbling around as though he had something to say.

"Well, boy, what have you to say?"

"O, nothin, massa, only be you goin down river to look after de planters?"

"Yes, my good fellow, I am going to see that the right thing is done all around."

"Well, massa, jes let me give you some advice. When you wants to know how de colored people are getting 'long, *nebber ask de white folks.*"

There it was in a nutshell! There is lurking in the negro's heart an instinctive antagonism to his master and his overseer. I have talked with thousands of negroes, but I have yet to find the first one who does not consider his master and his overseer as his natural enemies.

There was one man who tried to bluff me. I understood from the negroes that he had said he would whip his hands if a thousand of the d——d Yankees stood by, and that we should never get back to the city alive. Here, certainly, was one of the original chivalry. I thought he needed to have his branches lopped a little; so the same evening I rode over to his house to see him. At first he was sullen, and demanded by what authority I was there. I pointed to my shoulder straps, and said, "Won't that do, sir?" Still he was ugly. He had maltreated his negroes in every possible way—had whipped the men and abused the women.

I told him of the charges which had been made against him, hoping that he would admit them, as he said he would. But, on the contrary, he was utterly oblivious. He had never used any language disrespectful to the United States. This made the old Adam in me crop out. He was a traitor, and too contemptible to meet the consequences; so I got up, in great rage, and, looking the fellow full in the eye, I said: "Sir, you have lied to me; I know it; and you know it. No matter. But if I hear the same reports again, I will arrest you; and if you resist as you have boasted you would, I will blow your brains out on the spot."

He never opened his mouth, but, to my surprise, I heard a muffled yah! yah! outside, and a voice saying, "De old debble's gittin his rights now shure."

Heigho, these blacks are the only friends we have in the State. They are more intelligent, and in every way better men and women than I expected to find them. They will make good soldiers, and General Banks has on foot a scheme which will win the applause of the whole North. There is not a white man here who is not against us; there is not a black man who is not for us. There is one word, Severity, that we need in all our dictionaries. The greatest severity is the greatest mercy. Nothing will keep these people in check but the exhibition and use of irresistible force.

MOST HORRIBLE BARBARITY.

The Assistant Surgeon of the 99th Ohio, P. H. Clemons, writes to a lady in Sandusky a letter from which the *Register* quotes the particulars of one of the most outrageous cases of rebel barbarity which the history of the war furnishes. Having previously spoken of the scout of five or six days on which his brigade had recently been, he says: "While we were out on this last trip, I dressed the wounds of a soldier (72d Indiana,) who had been taken prisoner, him and his comrade, and after tieing them both up to a tree with their hands behind them, a *Captain* deliberately shot them both—killing the other man on the spot. After shooting the one I saw, once through the face and once through the neck, so that I cut the ball out just below the bend of the jaw on the opposite side, untieing him, they still found he had life in him, when the fiend shot him again in the back of the head while he lay writhing on the ground, the ball entering just at the base of the ear, and coming out at the left eye, completely destroying it.

And yet with all these wounds, in the head, neck and face, that man got up and wandered around until he came across our brigade, and so fell into my hands.

General Stanley's cavalry that was out with us had taken a lot of prisoners, and as soon as General Stanley heard of the outrage, he sent word to me to have him brought up to his headquarters, and then the next morning he had the wounded man placed

on the porch, and compelled all these prisoners to come up and confront him separately, telling him that if he could recognize any one as among the miscreants who had wounded him, there would be another shooting match on the other side of the house.

But the wounded man shook his head, and said there were none of his persecutors among the lot. I sent him to the Hospital, and hear since that there is some chance of his recovery."—*Cleveland Leader.*

REBEL ATROCITIES IN KENTUCKY.

"GRAY HAWK, Jackson County., Ky.,
April 13th, 1863.

DEAR SIR:—This leaves me lower down in spirits than I have ever been since I had a family. Some ten days ago, Cluke, with some five hundred men, came in through by Proctor, in Owsley County, taking all the horses they could get; came on to my house and took a mule from me; ate and destroyed all the corn I had; pastured my wheat, and committed other depredations.

On Tuesday, the 17th of this month, Humphrey Marshall's men, with the guerilla band from Breathitt County, commenced coming into our county by Proctor, taking horses, cattle, and everything they could get hold of; came on to Boonville, burned the jail, destroyed the records in the Clerk's offices, cut the books up and scattered them through the streets, came on to my house, took every horse and mule I had—numbering thirteen—headed by Jack May, Jerry South's son, William P. Lacy, James Hurd and Robert Allen. They got after my two eldest sons, up the branch from my house, and shot most of their ammunition at them; Lacy then charged upon my oldest son, with his musket in hand, cursing him; swore he would hang him. My son drew his pistol, shot Lacy through the arm, and into his canteen. Lacy threw up his hand, hallooed out, 'don't!' My son fired again, took Lacy under the ear, and dropped him off his horse dead. The boys then broke, the musket balls cutting around them, ran down a steep cliff, that their horses could not charge down, and made their escape into the woods. The rebels then set fire to my houses, burned everything I had, leaving my wife and children with nothing but the clothes they had on. My wife got down on her knees to them, and offered them one thousand dollars in cash not to burn her house. They would not hear her. She then tried to get her things out of the house. They kept her off with their muskets. Some few things, however, which she did get out, were taken from her by the rebels, consisting principally of thirty-three bed blankets. The balance all went to the flames. I was in Jackson County at the time, and am still here. My wife is in a school house, below where my house stood, with my three youngest children (my two boys being hid out on the mountains,) with nothing to eat, wear or sleep on, except what the neighbors can furnish her. Neither of us can get to see the other, as the rebels are still passing. Mine, I understand, was the seventeenth house they have burned on the route up as far as my place. I understand they burned Clarke's salt works, and also General Theophilus T. Garrard's houses. How true this is I do not know. The damage done, so far up as my house, is certainly true. My son came to me last night, and gave me all the particulars.

I have begged and plead hard with the authorities below for help. The only comfort I get is, we are not worth taking care of, and ought to leave. One thing you know, and that is, that the people here are so poor they cannot get away; and if they could, how are they to live, when they have no means, after they leave, to go upon?

Those counties that are suffering so much are the most loyal portions of the State—Clay, Owsley and Jackson turning out, upon an average, five hundred volunteers to the county, and not one of them is permitted to come here to the rescue of their families and friends, but are all sent to Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, and other points out of the State.

I have not seen my wife for some three weeks, and I don't know what to do. We have no meat nor grain to live on here, and no horses or mules to take us away—nor any means to buy with. All my papers, notes, accounts, deeds, and everything I had, burned up, and not left any clothing even for change. I am going to try and get through to my family, to-night, if I can, and will, in a few days, decide what we will do—for I have given up all hope of any protection from the government here, and a number of families are bound to starve.

Yours truly, ABIJAH GILBERT."

EIGHT MEN MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, writing from Lebanon, Mo., records the following acts of savage barbarity on the part of a gang of representatives of "superior Southern civilization":—

"A band of guerillas passed through Dallas, Polk, and Cedar counties, during the week commencing April 14th, 1863. On the 19th of April, as an escort was returning from Springfield to this place, seven men belonging to the Eighth Regiment Cavalry, M. S. M., being some five or six miles in rear of the command, were taken prisoners by this band, in Dallas county. The rebels were dressed in Federal uniform, and the men of the Eighth supposing them to be friends, rode up to them, and were thus taken by surprise, and surrendered.

They carried them into Cedar county, and on the 22d stripped them of all their clothing, and shot them. The seven men were murdered in the most inhuman manner, and thrown into a heap like so many hogs. They were not found by their friends until the 26th inst., when they were taken to their homes and buried. On the day the soldiers were thus cruelly murdered, the party of unprincipled devils went to the house of Obadiah Smith, of Cedar county, called him out, commenced firing on him, and when he found they were determined to murder him, he attempted to make his escape, but all in vain. He was killed by these inhuman beings, and after they found that he was dead, they shot as many as twenty balls through his body. It pains me much to have to announce the death of these men. The writer was well acquainted with the seven soldiers killed by this band, and knew them to have been high-minded and honorable men before the commencement of this rebellion, and true soldiers since their connection with the Eighth regiment. Obadiah Smith was a member of the present General Assembly of Missouri, from Cedar county. His character as a brave, true, unconditional Union man, is known throughout the State of Missouri, and the members of the General Assembly will learn with much regret his unfortunate death.

Obadiah Smith was one of the early settlers of the Southwest, and for forty years a minister of the Missionary Baptist Church. His love of country was unbounded, and from the commencement of the war which has been raging for the last two years, he took strong and decided grounds for his country, and in opposition to treason in all its forms.

He was an object of hatred to all traitors and sympathizers with rebellion from the commencement. They sought to do him all the harm they could. Price's army, while at Osceola, robbed him of many thousand dollars' worth of property, but the vile enemies of the best government on earth, were not satisfied with stripping this true patriot of all his property, but at last have murdered him.

Parson Smith leaves a large family and a great number of friends to mourn his loss, but they remember that he died as he had lived—an affectionate husband and father, and honorable man, a good citizen, and as true a patriot as ever lived.

These rebels murdered several other citizens of Cedar, whose names I have been unable to learn. They robbed nearly every Union man they passed, and when last heard from were crossing the Osage river near Taberville, in Bates county."

THE CRY FOR THE RECALL OF McCLELLAN.

The New York *Times* is very righteously indignant at the cry raised by McClellan's friends for his restoration to the command of the Army of the Potomac, because General Hooker has not succeeded in destroying the rebel army at the very opening of his campaign. The *Times* says:—

"We can tell the imps of faction who are shrieking for the restoration of McClellan, that their wind is wasted. The thing cannot and will not be done. The Government has not lost its memory, nor the people their senses. There is an intelligent purpose yet to save this nation. There is a firmer resolve than ever to trust to agents equal to that end, and to those only. There is no more possibility that George B. McClellan, after the experiments had of him, should be called back to the head of the army, than that James Buchanan should be called back to the Executive chair. The people have bidden a grim good night to all imbeciles.

The impudence of this outcry against General Hooker for McClellan is monstrous. They, the supporters of the man who, more than any other, is responsible for the movement across the Potomac which occasioned the Ball's Bluff disaster—the man who, against the urgent warning of high officers, so divided his army at Fair Oaks, with the swollen Chickahominy between, whereby one portion was decimated and well nigh overwhelmed before the other could come to their support—the man who, at Gaines' Mills, stationed, or rather failed to withdraw a corps across the river, though he had full warning that it was to be attacked by a force of three times the number, the consequence of which was a battle lost, and nine thousand of as fine fellows as ever breathed, wounded and dead in their tracks—they, the supporters of this man, have the effrontery to vituperate General Hooker for recrossing the Rappahannock when its swollen and extraordinary rise was endangering his position, and to demand the restoration of their favorite. They do this, too, at the very first breath, without stopping to hear a word about the actual reasons for the movement. While other men are seeing in it, or, at least, are hoping to find in it gratifying evidence that General Hooker, who is known to have every other high military quality, possesses also the quality of high prudence, which many feared did not belong to his temperament, and while, too, they are admiring the masterly ability with which the movement, supposing it to be necessary, was executed, these followers of General McClellan take no thought but how they can turn the matter to his advantage, and forthwith make the day hideous with their clamor. Even if it should finally be made to appear, which we do not at all believe, that General Hooker, in some particular, misjudged; yet any decent man would say that that was no reason for the sacrifice, inasmuch as the commander never yet lived who did not sometimes make mistakes. But that the believers in McClellan, whose whole career, from beginning to end, was thick with mistakes of commission and omission, and whom yet the people continued to trust, with a generous indulgence that will hereafter stand as the greatest marvel in the history of this war—that these men, we say, should raise the cry for the dismissal of General Hooker at his very *first* mistake, allowing that he has made one, is the very extreme of shamelessness. It is ridiculous; it is more than that—it is disgusting.

The people, these creatures may rely upon it, will stick by Hooker until he is thoroughly tried, and found wanting. They know that his heart is completely in the war—that he abhors and detests rebels and sympathizers with rebels—that he will hold no bosom counsel with the Fitz-John Porters of the service, or entrust them with any responsibility—that he would sooner touch the plague than the leprous hands daily grasped by McClellan. They know, too, that General Hooker is a man of action.

They are sure that this summer, whatever its vicissitudes, will at least show a very different spectacle in Virginia from the last—that there will be no month lost in sitting with a hundred thousand men before earthworks at Yorktown, manned by ten thousand, that could be carried in a day—no consumption of a fortnight in marching by an unobstructed road forty or fifty miles from Williamsburgh to the Chickahominy—no lingering for six weeks in the swamps of the Chickahominy with hardly a blow struck on the offensive, while tens of thousands were sinking into an inglorious grave from the deadly malaria—no failure to take prompt advantage of such opportunities to seize the rebel Capital as were offered at Williamsburgh, at Fair Oaks, and at Malvern Hill—and no neglect to follow up such a victory as that at Antietam with pursuit and a permanently crippling blow. All that sort of dawdling is now done with. Moreover, the people believe that Hooker will make such disposition of his army as will avoid such an unconcerted and disorderly engagement as that at Williamsburgh; such a surprise, without the means of retreat, as that at Fair Oaks; such a disposition of forces as occasioned 27,000 men at Gaines' Mills to be pounced upon by 70,000, and well nigh overwhelmed; such a precipitate and tumultuous retreat as that from Malvern Hill to Harrison Bar, and such a delay in occupying defensible ground as at Harrison's Bar, where nothing but a heavy rain, impeding the movement of the enemy's artillery, prevented the absolute destruction of the army. They also are confident that the battles which Hooker will fight will be overlooked, in the manner of Napoleon and Wellington, by himself on the field of battle, and that thus he will be ready on the instant to seize the critical moment, whether to avert disasters or secure triumph; and that he will not, after the manner of McClellan, either keep out of the sight of the combat altogether, as was done in every battle on the Peninsula, or view it, as was done at Antietam, on a camp stool a mile or two away, the other side of the river.

The idea that earnest "Fighting Joe Hooker" is, at this stage of the business, to be sent out of the field, and the frigid pedant, McClellan, to be brought up to the rescue, is superlatively absurd. Nothing but a half-insane, half-traitorous craving to turn him to party account, could have ever started such a vagary. The devotees of McClellan are doing him no service in thrusting him forward in this unseemly style. The Government has bidden him go in peace; and as for the people, they are perfectly content he should eat his salt with the copperheads in perfect quiet. This war has done with him, and it is the war alone they care for. But if his friends are not content that he should remain where he belongs, and shall insist upon subjecting him to public scrutiny and comment, he will be dealt with in such fashion as sternest truth requires.

RETALIATION.

Governor Andrew's letter, printed in another column, on the relative positions of negro and white volunteers, and referring especially to the protection which will be afforded the blacks, is a perfectly satisfactory declaration of his opinion and purpose, but does not seem to be an authoritative announcement in behalf of the Government. We have never doubted that President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, when deciding to send negro regiments into the field, would sooner or later see to it that their military rights should be respected by the rebels; that if captured, they should be treated like other prisoners of war. But how will they enforce those rights, and when?

Jefferson Davis has issued a Proclamation dooming to death or slavery every negro taken in arms, and every white officer who commands negro troops. Black privates and white Generals alike are threatened with the halter. That Proclamation is still in force, and Murfreesboro and Galveston and twenty other places are witnesses that it is not an idle threat. The rebels have hanged or sold into slavery every negro soldier or servant whom they have taken. What has this Government done about it? Nothing.

What *must* the Government do about it? One of two things. Wait till a regiment of blacks is captured and shot, and then hang a regiment of white rebels? That is one course. We do not want to see it become necessary. The other is to proclaim now, in advance of any such catastrophe, that every negro mustered into the national service is covered by the national flag, and must be treated, if captured, as a prisoner of war, and not otherwise; and that exactly as is done unto our black soldiers when prisoners, will we do to white rebels—if the blacks are hanged, the rebel whites shall be hanged likewise. In other words, announce Retaliation as the policy of the Government.

It will not do to leave this momentous question to the decision of individual Generals. Some may have one opinion, some another, and we shall find ourselves weltering in another chaos of conflicting policies, as we did in the first year of this war, about fugitive slave renditions. General Hunter, and we believe, General Rosecrans, have issued retaliatory orders; but Jefferson Davis dares to hang and shoot and sell our captured black soldiers and servants, because the *Government* has never responded to his proclamation; and he will adhere to his savage policy until he hears from Washington a defiance in answer to his own. Nothing will settle the question but the Proclamation or General Order of Abraham Lincoln, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the United States. Unless that comes in season, we shall find ourselves drifting helplessly into bloody massacres which it is still possible to avert.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ The Steele Bayou expedition came upon, on Deer Creek, the celebrated "Shelby Plantation," in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Mrs. Stowe little thought, when she wrote her novel, that the Shelby Plantation would one day echo with cannon and musketry in a war growing out of the institution she wrote to abolish. Yet it so happened a few days ago.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1863.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Thirtieth NEW ENGLAND ANTI SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, May 28th and 29th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. of Thursday.

On the first day and evening (Thursday,) the meetings of the Convention will be held at the MELONAON, (lower hall of the Tremont Temple.) On Friday, they will be held, day and evening, in the TREMONT TEMPLE.

Of the anti-slavery men and women, who attended the *first* New England Anti-Slavery Convention, held in Boylston Hall in this city, in the year 1834, a goodly number yet remain, though many have "fallen asleep." We, who are alive and remain to witness the moral coming of the Lord, in the wonderful events which from month to month are now occurring, and which afford such striking and sublime attestation to the truth of those principles which the early Abolitionists proclaimed, must not yet put off the harness, in the persuasion either that the work is done, or that others will do it. We rejoice indeed that others have sprung up and come forward to labor with us, directly and indirectly, in the mighty work of first delivering a great people from the yoke of Slavery, and then of elevating them to the rights and privileges and honors of citizenship and of mankind. But this will not excuse us from standing firmly at *our* posts as watchmen, and contending faithfully still with the mighty weapons of Truth which the wonder-working Providence of God has so greatly blessed in the past thirty years. A great work yet remains for the Anti-Slavery Societies and people of the land to do, and, having put our hands to that work, we must not look back while a solitary slave remains in his chains.

Let then the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in New England assemble together once more in Annual Convention. It may be that they will never be under the necessity of holding another. Whether so or not, must depend solely upon the existence of Slavery in the land, or otherwise, and upon the faithfulness with which the great principles of freedom and justice are now applied to the monstrous system of iniquity, which, however severely wounded and however weakened, is still struggling desperately for life and mastery.

Let the voices of all abolitionists be heard clear and distinct, giving no uncertain sound.

We cordially invite the friends of freedom in every section of the country to be present at the Convention.

By order of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

THE A B C OF MORALS.

As well expect a blind man to discriminate colors, as a nation corrupted by slavery to be capable of moral distinctions. Where the sum of all villanies is the essence of law and the requisite of religion, the honest man is a knave, and the wise a fool; truth becomes an outlaw, and virtue is a crime. The Northern mind, diseased by long years of contact with the pestilence of the South, required the bitter purge of war to restore it to sanity. How slowly it is recovering its lost reason, judgment, conscience! how still obscure its perception of principle, how painful its groping after right and justice! Some there are from whose vision the seal will never be removed, and who, with hopeless perversity, will cling to the source of all our national woes long after the barbarism itself shall have vanished from the land. These intellectual owls, disturbed in their Cimmerian gloom by the gradual diffusion of heaven's light around them, hoot at each faintest ray as the harbinger of everlasting night. Every moral axiom they challenge as the seed-grain of evil, and the more indisputable the utterance, the louder becomes their clamor, till at length our rising indignation is drowned in our sense of the ridiculous.

That venerable bird of darkness, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, finds a congenial perch in our "Refuge" this week. "Atrocious" and "infamous" are the epithets it bestows on a simple vindication in these columns of the moral laws and government of God over any human device or institution whatever. The act of burning in public an instrument which the heart and conscience have long repudiated, must be tried by precisely the same tests as the inward judgment of which it is but the external symbol. The judgment will remain as long as the grounds on which it was originally based exist, and an honest man will not shrink from repeating the outward manifestation, if it be necessary. If I could not abide the Constitution yesterday, I can as little to-morrow, provided it be unchanged, and any charge of atrocity or infamy must rest upon my conviction in regard to that blood-stained charter. Now, if this charge belonged not to Jesus when he affirmed that man was better than a sheep, and, again, was greater than the temple; how far are the Abolitionists to blame for reasserting these truths of reason and conscience? Is it monstrous to accept as self-evident the equality of all men in respect of human rights, and to revolt from a compact based upon an exactly opposite idea? The Constitution and Union were either constructed in conformity with the laws of God, or they were not, and little avails a name when principles are in question. The Union means something; is it liberty or slavery? God has left us no choice but to love and defend the one, and to hate and oppose the other. We cannot, therefore, blindly profess ourselves Unionists, without inquiring the moral significance of the term. This learned, we take sides at once, and the atrocity and infamy of the procedure will lie in our selection of the worser cause.

That even the *Journal of Commerce* attaches some interpretation to its shibboleth of Union and Constitution, is evident from the fact that it deplores their partial conversion to humanity and freedom; while its boast of being their "unwavering defenders" is absurd in the last degree, in face of their subtle hostility to all that tends to complete that conversion. Everybody understands to what Union the *Journal* and the copperhead fraternity are loyal; its other name is subjection to slavery. And when they oppose the war which may reverse the master and subject, we know that they are of those who "make a solitude, and call it peace." The *Journal*, like the pickpocket in a crowd, seeks to avert the attention of loyal leagues from itself by crying Traitor against the Abolitionists. Loyal leagues, it may be satisfied, will not trouble themselves with those who alone are above suspicion of a trace of sympathy with the rebels, and who are known to be the most implacable opponents of their cause and their conspiracy. And if the entire nation should at last deserve Fort Lafayette for their adherence to the rebellion, the Abolitionists would be left outside to turn the keys upon them; which is no more than saying that the Abolitionists will faithfully cleave to the principles they have hitherto advocated, until these shall be enthroned in the place of their false opposites.

There is, as we have already remarked, a certain jocoseness in the amazement manifested by the *Journal* and its compeers at the unaffected utterance of ethical truisms. The reader who has had patience with the "Refuge" must have observed a delicate bit of humor at the close of the *Journal's* article:—"It is a shock to the moral sense of the world that an officer was dismissed the service a few days ago for voting a Democratic ticket in New Hampshire." One would think that such shocks were never given before Mr. Lincoln's administration, and yet the memory of the *Journal* seems singularly faulty, when we recall the multitudes of government officials beheaded (how long since?) for the sole offence of voting the Republican ticket. Grant, however, that the cases were different; the action of the present administration will yet appear more just than that of those preceding. For in time of peace, an official is no better and no worse for his political opinions, if he but faithfully perform his duty. So far as he contributes to the end of all government, the people ask no more and care for no more. But in war, success abandons the party which is divided, and it is manifestly obligatory upon the government to make way with those of its servants who have no heart in the success of the national cause. More than that. The officer alluded to, if the case be not fictitious, took pains to vote with the opposition, when the single issue of the election, openly avowed, was the prosecution of the war and the support of government. Better would it be for the army and nation, if all other copperheads among our officers should show their heads for the sweep of the President's scythe!—W. P. G.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

We learn from the *Tribune* of Wednesday that the Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held in New York at the Church of the Puritans (the Rev. Dr. Cheever's), on Tuesday forenoon; addresses were delivered by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, Robert Purvis, Theodore D. Weld, and Wendell Phillips; the amount received during the year, as set forth in the Treasurer's report, was $13,451.93, and the expenditure $9,297.38. The anniversary of the New York Anti Slavery Society was held at the Cooper Institute in the evening, when addresses were delivered by Theodore Tilton, Wendell Phillips, and Henry B. Stanton.

A page of the *Tribune* is occupied by the speeches delivered at these two anniversaries. The resolutions adopted by the American Anti-Slavery Society were the following:—

1. Resolved, That from the beginning of the Confederate rebellion till now, the American Anti-Slavery Society has uniformly pronounced it to be unparalleled on the score of perfidy, without semblance of justification on moral or patriotic grounds, fearfully barbarous in spirit and conduct, and waged for objects equally detestable and wicked—namely, the security, extension and perpetuity of negro slavery, and the overthrow of all institutions based upon the democratic principle.

2. Resolved, That while the Society has rendered this verdict with the deepest emphasis, it has not failed to remind the people of the North that, ever since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, "their feet have run to evil, and they have made haste to shed innocent blood," in the way of slaveholding complicity; that, by consenting to a slave representation in Congress, to the arrest and rendition of fugitive slaves on their own soil, and to the suppression of slave insurrections by the iron hand of the General Government, they have made "a covenant with death, and with hell have they been at agreement," till at last, judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," and the hail sweeps away the refuge of lies, the waters overflow the hiding place, the covenant with death is annulled, and the agreement with hell no longer stands.

3. Resolved, That being thus delivered from that guilty relation—alas! not by repentance or reformation on their part, but by the insane rebellion of those with whom they have hitherto struck hands—the "traffickers in slaves and the souls of men"—IT MUST NEVER BE RENEWED, come what may; but the Federal Government must henceforth be over all, and for all, and under the national flag every human being in the land must find freedom and protection, anything in any State Constitution or State laws to the contrary notwithstanding.

4. Resolved, That President Lincoln, in the exercise of the war power constitutionally entrusted to his hands, was not only justified in declaring the immediate and everlasting emancipation of all such slaves as were designated in his Proclamation of January 1st, 1863,—more than three millions in number,—but he would have been faithless to his oath not to have done so; and, instead of having gone too far, it was, and still is his solemn duty and sublime privilege to "proclaim liberty throughout ALL the land unto ALL the inhabitants thereof," in accordance with the command of God, and for the safety and unity of the Republic, now rent asunder by the natural operation of antagonistical ideas, institutions and pursuits.

5. Resolved, That since it is undeniable, that slavery was the sole and legitimate cause of the rebellion, and that the rebellion is especially for the preservation of slavery, to exempt any part of the slave system from the operation of the Proclamation is a self-defeating measure, an evidence of judicial blindness, and a criminal prolongation of the war.

6. Resolved, That slavery and slaveholders are one—their principles and purposes are one—their desires and aspirations are one—their interests and inclinations are one—their religion, philosophy, and political economy are one—their love of caste, and contempt of race, and lust of dominion, and hatred of liberty and equality, are one—whether they reside in Maryland or Carolina, in Kentucky or Georgia, in Missouri or Alabama, in Tennessee or Mississippi; and, therefore, the action of the Government should be uniform towards them all, by refusing any longer to recognize their existence, except as inimical to the suppression of the rebellion and the repose of the country, and, consequently, as nuisances to be suppressed.

7. Resolved, That it has required, and still requires, the continued occupancy of the so-called loyal Border Slave States, by the army of the North, to prevent their immediate and concurrent annexation to the Confederate States; so that it is an enforced obedience to the strong arm of military power, and not a patriotic support of the Government, on their part; notwithstanding the gratifying evidence that there is in those States a strong and growing anti-slavery sentiment, which proves its loyalty to be genuine, not only by being willing to stand by the Proclamation as far as it goes, but also by laboring to exterminate slavery universally; but which is too weak to control State action against slaveholding ruffianism and disloyalty, except by the aid of Northern bayonets.

8. Resolved, That to charge the President or Congress with a design to change the conflict from a war to suppress rebellion, to a war for the abolition of slavery, is to evince genuine "copperhead" malignity and mendacity, and exactly to reverse the truth—the abolition of slavery being indispensable to the effectual suppression of the rebellion, and, therefore, a lawful and necessary means to a constitutional end.

9. Resolved, That the highest patriotism has been evinced by such men as FREMONT, HUNTER, SAXTON, PHELPS, BUTLER, DICKINSON, and Gen. HAMILTON, of Texas, in their earlier or later recognition and assertion of the fact, that slavery and the rebellion must be crushed together; and to that patriotic declaration, let all the people respond "Amen!"

10. Resolved, That the recognition of the independence of Hayti and Liberia—the ratification of a treaty with Great Britain, whereby the American flag can no longer be hoisted with impunity to protect the piratical African slave-trade—and the emancipation of all the slaves in the District of Columbia—are three great historic events, which will ever reflect glory upon the Administration of President Lincoln and honor upon the thirty-seventh Congress, and which cheeringly demonstrate the irresistible advancement of the cause of freedom and humanity in our hitherto slavery-ruled land.

11. Resolved, That the American Anti-Slavery Society congratulates its members and friends upon the signal success which, by the blessing of God and the power of His truth, has crowned its labors since its organization, against every form of malignant opposition and every device of iniquity; and it desires to express the heartfelt hope, that its next anniversary,—completing its third decade,—will be held simply to celebrate the utter extinction of the rebellion, the liberation of every bondman, the prevalence of universal peace, and the triumph of "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

THE SIMS MEETING.

The friends of Thomas Sims arranged last week a meeting for his benefit in the Tremont Temple, and about a thousand people came together to hear the account of his last twelve years' experience in slavery. His wife and child, the partners in his late escape from Vicksburg, were with him on the platform.

A very impressive introductory statement was made by Charles W. Slack, Esq., who called the meeting to order, sketching the change of times since Sims was last in Boston, noticing the persons, several of them since deceased, who were most active in the kidnapping and the rendition, and referring also with due honor to those who were prompt and assiduous in giving such help as they could in that time of need, conspicuous among whom was Theodore Parker. The audience were then invited to hear the story of Thomas Sims from his own lips.

His manner, in this his first attempt at public speaking, showed complete self-possession and self-confidence. He narrated the prominent circumstances of his enforced return from Boston, his arrival at Savannah, and a portion of his subsequent adventures, going into such minuteness of detail respecting the earlier years, and the conversations which occurred with his successive masters, that no time remained to describe the later ones.

Neither his escape just made, nor his former one, were occasioned by any special ill-treatment. He felt that no man had the right to claim ownership over him. His narrative gave the impression that his ordinary treatment was as good, and his position generally as favorable as slaves ever experience. But these things were not sufficient to content him, without freedom.

On arriving at Savannah, he was put in prison, and had a severe sickness there. This, he supposed, at first prevented his receiving the severe punishment which a recaptured fugitive naturally expects. Before his recovery, a rumor reached the South that the Northern people were reporting that he had been whipped to death. In fact, he was not whipped at all, but was sold as soon as he was in condition to work at his trade of bricklayer.

In the twelve years that have passed since his return to Savannah, he has had several changes of masters. It was amusing to hear of the unpleasant surprise of some of these men, on learning that the slave they had bought was that eminent one who "had been to Boston." As far as Mr. Sims's experience went, the slaveholders apprehended danger from the contact with their slaves of one who had been a fugitive, more than they derived encouragement and confidence from the surrender of that fugitive. He was constantly directed to keep silence respecting his Boston adventures; and he soon found that the readiest way to obtain a change of situation was to publish the fact that he was the boy who "had been to Boston."

He never relinquished the purpose of attempting an escape, nor the hope of succeeding in it; and he did all in his power to assist the transfer of himself to the positions he judged most favorable for this purpose. Most of his time since the rendition has been spent at Vicksburg. He married there, and has a child seven or eight years old. He hired his time of his master, and thus had as much freedom of locomotion as slaves ever possess. Three slave friends joined him in forming a plan of escape, and though his wife and child had been removed some miles out of the city, he succeeded in bringing them to the "dug-out" boat that had been provided. The men had arms, and were determined to fight in case of interruption. They were necessarily obliged to pass near a rebel battery, but a cloudy sky enabled them to pass without discovery, and they went through the rebel lines, and reached the pickets of General Grant in safety.

Information such as these fugitives could give was of course very welcome to General Grant, who gave them a paper certifying that fact, and authorizing the passage of the party Northward.

Mr. Sims spoke with ease, and without embarrassment or hesitation, an hour and three quarters. When he had closed his narrative, Wendell Phillips was introduced to the audience.

Mr. Phillips traced the immense changes that have taken place in Massachusetts of late years, and drew a historical parallel between April 1851 and April 1863. He referred to the large number of persons then assisting or favoring the rendition of Sims, who have now become practical abolitionists. It was a very striking circumstance that the chair of Boutwell, then Governor of the State, was now filled by a friend of John Brown. In fact the State Government, and the State itself, excepting only the city of Boston, had become abolitionized.

Boston, he said, was accountable for the disgrace and guilt connected with the rendition of Thomas Sims, and the retribution for this sin was now pressing upon her. For two years, her best blood has been poured out in requital upon Southern battle-fields, but the atonement is not yet complete.

After refefring in a touching manner to several of those who had been active in Sims's behalf in 1851, and especially to Theodore Parker, Mr. Phillips displayed to the audience the coat worn by the fugitive at the time of his seizure in Boston, which had been preserved by Mr. Parker, and transmitted by him, just before his death, to Mr. Phillips. He had great pleasure in restoring it to the original owner.

Mr. Garrison was then introduced by the chairman, and spoke briefly in consequence of the lateness of the hour. He called the attention of the audience to the fact that the safety of Sims in the North, and in Boston, was owing rather to the rebellious position of his late master than to the nation's love of impartial justice and universal freedom. He reminded them that the Fugitive Slave Law is not yet repealed, and that men who profess loyalty to the U. S. Government are still countenanced by that Government in the claim of ownership in human beings; and he earnestly entreated all to continue unwearied in labors for the utter extirpation of slavery from the land, and the removal of all unjust distinctions from the laws and customs of our State and nation.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Sims will tell his story, and give further details of slave life and of rebel life, to many audiences of Northern people. If he can so condense the earlier part of the narrative as to allow half-an-hour for statements respecting Vicksburg, the condition of the rebels there, the influence of that condition upon the position and treatment of slaves, and its influence also upon their feelings in regard to a continuance of the war, it will give additional interest and value to his statement.—C. K. W.

☞ The Xenia (Ohio) *Torch-Light* informs us that J. M. Langston, the able and eloquent colored orator, is making addresses in various parts of that State to obtain recruits for the Massachusetts regiments of colored troops. His address in Xenia was heard with interest by an immense audience, and seventeen volunteers immediately put down their names.

Not only is the first colored regiment of Massachusetts now full, and winning the applause of all beholders by its good appearance and proficiency in military exercises, but nearly or quite two hundred recruits are there as the nucleus of a second regiment.

THE CASE OF MR. VALLANDIGHAM. According to a New York despatch posted upon the Merchants' Exchange Bulletin, the Court Martial which tried Mr. Vallandigham have found him guilty, and have recommended that he be confined for two years at the Dry Tortugas. It is not stated, however, that this sentence has been approved of by the President.

☞ It is said that Rev. Horace James, Chaplain of the 25th Massachusetts Regiment, who has been appointed Superintendent of the Blacks in the department of North Carolina, will not resign his chaplaincy, but perform the new duties in addition to his former labors in behalf of the regiment. This shows no very high estimate of the amount and importance of the work to be done among the freedmen of North Carolina.

CAN THE REBELLION SUCCEED?

No man can doubt, that the success of the Rebellion is the destruction of the Republic, and of the hopes of humanity for centuries. It needs but little political foresight to see that. The only question is, can it succeed? In a military point of view, we must all acknowledge the rebels have done well; and unless we have less fighting among ourselves, and more and better fighting against them, God only knows the event. But this is not a mere war of bayonets, not a mere contest of clashing steel, not a "war of artillery," "*Little* Mac" to the contrary, notwithstanding. It is a war of ideas, of principles. It is but the development of progress; and sure as that God hath decreed this world to move on in the march of progress, sure as that truth must triumph over error, and right over wrong, so surely shall we succeed.

America's future, as a great republic, is necessary to this world's progress. She was created, not for herself alone, but for the ages, and for the world. No man can suppose that this great people have nothing to do with the age's future; that principles so potent, principles that have convulsed the world in all ages, that have made and moulded all history, and, like the unseen fires pent up in the mountain heart, that have for ages made the mighty mass to shake and tremble, and groan with thunder, though never having their full eruption, save on our soil, are in this world for nothing; that America, over whose cradle the new star of liberty was lighted, and around whose birth so many evidences of the Great One's might do cluster, and whose every footstep, thus far, has been signalized by so much of destiny, is on the earth without a mission to the ages. Impossible!

The empires of the earth that have gone before us had their appointed work to perform. They were the foundations for future and better structures. They tried principles of government and religion. Those which were false have crumbled; those which were true have stood, as everything good and true shall stand, forever. Athens, and Sparta, and Rome, and the bleeding republics of the old world, had each a mission, and a mission to us. Spartan heroism has enkindled the enthusiasm of every age; and who can tell how much the memory of her heroic deeds has influenced the struggles for liberty that have convulsed Europe, and that gave birth to our republic. Grecian literature and learning, Grecian enthusiasm in the arts and sciences, in religion and liberty, still tell upon the character of the ages. Her mission was to give birth to the great thought of Freedom, to rock its cradle, and foster its infant weakness, and give brain to the world.

The iron *will* that projected itself upon the world, in the shape of the Roman throne, is still felt and feared. Rome's mission was to give laws to the world and to the ages; and to-day her jurisprudence forms the foundation and frame-work of all law. Legislators and lawyers go to the Rome of the past for their legal furniture. On the throne of empire still sits imperial Rome, giving laws and decreeing destinies. In the halls of every legislature her voice is still heard, while at every bar she pleads, and on every bench she dictates. This was her destiny; while the struggling nations of Europe that have fought for liberty, like the virgins of yore have kept alive the vestal flame on the altar of freedom. And each of these nations had her mission to us. As the wise men of the East brought their offerings and laid them at the feet of Christ, so have the nations of the East brought their offerings to the new-found empire. Greece has given us the gold of her intellect, Rome the silver of her laws and her literature, while other nations have given the frankincense and myrrh of religious enthusiasm and zeal, coming up from the bruised and bleeding hearts of those whom tyranny sent in exile to our shores; while, over all, the star of Freedom hovers, lit by the hand of God. To-day America stands, with all that is great and good, all that is tried and true in the past, forming her character and her excellence. And is all this in vain? Can such a nation, after such a splendid career thus far, go down in the dawn of its greatness,

"As though a morning in June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the heavens, faded, then slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen"?

Never! no, never!

Nations are God's ideas. When America was created, the thought of God was Liberty. For this, her children came across the seas. The destiny of America, from the first, is associated, irrevocably, with freedom. And now, the destiny of a race, which, though long despised and down-trodden, is, like every other race before it, yet to sit upon the throne of civilization, and rule the world, is fated with America's future; and as freedom is right and slavery is wrong, as the one is the development of progress, the other the bastard of heathendom, so shall the right triumph, and the progress of the world move on, for God is in the struggle; yea,

"Our God is marching on."

Now, the world moves by the march of principles. The tap of the drum of truth is the signal for the advance of nations. When ideas are born and principles developed, the fiat of the Omnipotent has gone forth, and who can hinder it? The development of truth is God's work in the world. Progress is a law of heaven. Where truth is developed, God is there, and who can stay his hand? This war is but the development of truth, and truth shall eventually triumph. This struggle is but the development of two great principles; one of them was fought for on Bunker Hill—to wit, that man is capable of self-government; the other, which should have been better attended to by our fathers, but which, (so help us, God!) we will attend to now; that *all men shall be free.*

G. G. F.

THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

NORTH SCITUATE, Mass., March 10, 1863.

FRIEND GARRISON:—At a late Temperance gathering, it was resolved to educate public sentiment to withhold the elective franchise from men when intoxicated, and from men who make their fellows intoxicated. The present strain upon our style of government and the disgraceful state of politics in this country, owing to religion having nothing to do with them, compel attention to practical remedies. Fitness to vote does not turn upon nationality, but upon good moral principles and intelligence. I never liked the "two years' amendment," now no more on our statute book; but ought there not to be some criterion of fitness to vote, applicable to all alike? Drunkards and drunkard-makers, aristocrats and slaveholders, have really no heart for republican institutions, and why should they have a hand in them? I would have the polls open to woman as much as to man—to foreigners and natives; but not to the unprincipled.

How shall we draw the line, and how are we to prepare or qualify men to uphold a Republic?

Yours, truly, W. G. B.

☞ We learn from the *Tribune* that, on Monday evening, Wendell Phillips gave a lecture in the Cooper Institute, in New York city, before a very large audience, on the State of the Country. The lecture was one of a series before the Sixteenth Ward Republican Association, and its President, Mr. Russell, introduced the orator as the man who had done more than any other except John Brown to bring the people to the banks of Jordan. The lecture was received with enthusiastic applause, and is reported at length in the *Tribune*. After its close, in response to loud and persistent calls by the audience, Horace Greeley and William Lloyd Garrison briefly addressed them upon the same subject.

☞ Six of the Indiana Buttern

EFFECTS OF UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

DR. STURTEVANT CORRECTED.

MR. EDITOR,—"The Destiny of the African race in the United States," is the title of an elaborate article by Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, D. D., in the *Continental Monthly* of May, 1863, which contains theses like the following:—

"Whenever two peoples, one of which is little removed from barbarism, and the other has the full strength of mature civilization, are placed in juxtaposition with each other on terms of free labor and free competition, the stronger will always either amalgamate itself with the weaker, or extinguish it. In the former case, civilization undergoes an eclipse, almost as extinction. The homogeneous people resulting from such a Union occupies a position in the scale of civilization much nearer to that of their barbarous than of their civilized parents. Numerous examples of this have occurred in the French, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies. They have generally amalgamated freely with their savage neighbors, and a deep eclipse of civilization has, in every instance, resulted. When that eclipse is to end, we have not foresight to determine.

The English colonies, in all parts of the world, have refused to enter into marriage relations with their barbarous neighbors, and have preserved the civilization of the parent stock, while barbarous tribes have undergone rapid extinction in their vicinity or within the sphere of their competition. Precisely in such relations to each other will the white and colored populations be placed, by an act of universal emancipation. The rapid extinction of the colored race will follow.

When, by the act of emancipation, the negro is made a free laborer, he is brought into direct competition, with the white man; that competition he is unable to endure; and soon finds his place in that lower stratum where he can support himself as a hired servant, but cannot support a family. The consequence is inevitable: he will never marry; or, in the attempt to support a family, he will struggle in vain against the laws of population, and many of his children will die in infancy. Like his brother of the forest, he must melt away and disappear forever from the midst of us. In the tropical regions he may preserve and multiply his race."

"The negro does not aspire to political and social equality with the white man; he has no such destiny, no such hope, no such possibility; he is weak and constantly becoming weaker, and nothing can ever make him strong, but our continued injustice and oppressions."

The writer shows no disposition to strengthen the negro by these means, but uses his doctrines to satisfy us that we need not be afraid of any dangerous rivalry from that quarter.

It is possible that some may have their fears allayed by this article, and be willing to give the negro the rights of humanity in the hope of accomplishing his speedy extinction; but more humanitarian reasoners will pause long over it, before they accept its conclusions.

The instincts of humanity are among the rules of truth, and many a good man decides against false conclusions of theorists without being able to detect the fallacies that support them, by a faithful dependence on these tests. They never lie and seldom mislead. Is it possible that the grandest application of the great law of love to the political condition of the colored race among us, that has been conceived of in our times, will, as its legitimate result, accomplish their speedy extinction? Is the great plea of Southern slaveholders well founded and correct? It has been their main dependence to repel the charge of inhumanity for the last fifty years. Their form of stating it is, that the negro is only fit for his position in slavery, and can no more rise and prosper out of it than a horse or ox. This premise for the defence of slavery is conceded by the article in question. Is it conceded truly? We think not.

The decline of the Indian races is undeniable; it is attributed by many to the competition of the white race, but this may be doubted. It had commenced before this competition began, and continues most remote from it. The Indian race appears to have reached its highest development, and to be on the decline from causes independent of the competition of the white race. This is the case with some other races—as with the Sandwich Islanders. Instead of being injured by competition with the white race, all the devices of humanity are put in requisition to save them in vain.

But the colored races of this country and their kindred in Africa show no such weakness. They are as tenacious of life as the Indians and other inferior races are perishable. They live and multiply in the most adverse circumstances, and on the hardest fare. Parents can hardly be so pressed as not to be able to thrive and support their children in health and comfort.

Besides, the competitions of freedom are not destructive, as the writer assumes, but elevating; lower classes are constantly rising and sending up families into higher. Something of this occurs even in monarchical and aristocratic countries, where royal and noble families require recruits from lower orders subjected to severer discipline to perpetuate them; in a free country, they are of constant occurrence. Human nature loves toil, hardship, and competition; and so far from suffering extinction from them, lives and thrives and develops increased capabilities and powers by their help.

If the experiment were now to be tried for the first time, the friends of the colored man might safely predict glorious results to the race from emancipation in the United States. The capacities of the race to live, multiply, and rise, have been sufficiently tested by slavery, and the unfavorable conditions heretofore encountered in this country. But we are only repeating an oft-tried experiment, and have its results already before us in history. Have the emancipation of the West India Islands resulted in depression and extinction? We think not. That race never before thrived so well. Just as little will emancipation occasion still further depression and speedy extinction of the colored race in the United States.

If this argument requires anything further to make it conclusive, it may be reinforced by the consideration of the experiments of the Spaniards on the Indian races in reducing them to slavery. Those experiments were early made, and the capacity of the Indians fully tested; but they were not successful. Instead of living and multiplying like the colored race, too mighty for their oppression, they drooped and died without keeping their numbers up, and proved unprofitable. They were not sufficient for the tasks of slavery. This shows that the Indians in freedom furnish no precedents by which to judge of the colored people. Indian extermination only proves extermination of like races in like conditions, but has no more applicability to the colored people than it has to the Anglo-Saxons.

Notwithstanding the great fault of Dr. Sturtevant's article, it is not pro-slavery; it makes no application of its doctrine of extermination to justify slaveholding, and ignores the fact that the abettors of this wickedness have done so. The Doctor acknowledges the wrong of slavery, and accepts emancipation and the extinction of the colored race, as inevitable steps in the onward march of morality and destiny.

We regret his mistake; it was quite unnecessary, and will do great harm, and we beg him to reconsider his positions, and correct them. This is no time to tamper with the great cause of justice and mercy, and now, more than ever before, the benignity of the Eternal ought to be clearly seen, pervading our every step of progress up, in this great revolution and rectification of prescriptive wrongs.

Having, as we trust, sufficiently exposed the fallacy of Dr. Sturtevant's article, we beg leave to note some of the beneficial effects to be expected from emancipation. Among them are the following:—

1. The indefinite elevation and improvement of the colored race by knowledge, culture, school discipline, family discipline, State discipline, and religion. With these means, they will become a more cultivated race than ever before, more intellectual, better informed, more artistic, and of higher and finer tastes and aspirations.

2. The attainment of the blessings of wealth. Man is almost as dependent on wealth for high culture and development as he is on intellectual powers. With emancipation, the colored people will acquire wealth more generally and to greater extents than has been possible for them heretofore. Some will amass princely fortunes, and others rise to competence, while the poor will still have privileges greatly in advance of the discipline of slavery.

3. A normal and wealthy increase by marriage and permanent family relations. A few in modern times have been the enemies of marriage and family ties, but the great mass of wise and good men regard them as of infinite value. They are liable to abuses, and require thorough governmental supervision to prevent injustice and oppression, but they are the indispensable condition of a due attention to race culture, and the proper education of the young. Slavery has robbed the colored people of these inestimable advantages, which emancipation restores.

4. Elevating competion. Competition is deemed by many an evil to be shunned. Nothing can be more erroneous; it is one of the most effective instruments of elevation and improvement; the world is full of the fruits of its beneficence. It perfects the arts, advances knowledge, and contributes to every branch of human culture. With emancipation, the colored people will compete with each other and with the white race on equal terms, and all parties be benefited. We need not fear that competion with the white race will effect the extinction of the colored people, or conflict with the true interests of their white competitors. As in all honorable and just competitions, all will be benefited.

Different white races have learned to live together in the same countries in the East for ages, and, with justice, always prosper and serve each other. We have no occasion to send the colored people off; with a just government, we cannot have too many of them in this country; justice harmonizes the interests of races as perfectly as it does that of families and individuals; it is only injustice that allows one race to prey on another, or in any way to injure it.

Expatriating schemes for sending the colored people to Africa, South America, or other foreign countries, are stupid blunders. The experiment has often been tried, but has always proved a national calamity. Almost as well might persons of English descent enter into a conspiracy in this country to expatriate the Irish, Germans, or French-Americans. A conspiracy sufficiently strong might accomplish this object, but what would the country gain by it? Nothing but disaster and calamity. We have room and employments for all; all can live, and promote the common good. Any class of our countrymen have only to create some useful fabric, a glove or mitten, or raise some useful product, corn, cotton, or potatoes, no matter what, and then they have the means of living, taking care of themselves, and accumulating property; and then, too, the nearer they are to us, and the more numerous, the better; they can neither be too near nor too numerous. Over-production is not possible, if labors are properly directed, and the tendency of freedom is to direct labors properly, by diverting them continually from the less profitable to the more profitable.

No philanthropist or Christian need regret that the President of the United States has not succeeded in getting a home for the colored people of this nation in a foreign country, whether South America or elsewhere. It is not agreeable to the policy of our Government to hold colonies in foreign countries, and unless we should retain our colored people as colonists, their expatriation would be a great public calamity.

If emancipated, the colored people will be at liberty to leave for South America, Africa, or other parts of the globe; some may emigrate to India and China; but a just government will give them as great advantages here as white races, and make it their interest to stay as much. We can less afford to spare them since the lavish waste of this rebellion, than before. In slavery, they were a curse to us; with emancipation, they will be a blessing. Every dollar of capital which they acquire will pay taxes, and otherwise help meet the expenses of the Government; all the products and fabrics which they bring to the market will contribute to the public good, and every article which they buy for their own consumption will put money into the hands of the seller, and into the circulation of the country. We have, therefore, a great national interest in retaining them, and having them prosper, become wealthy, and be multiplied among us.

The whole world is interested in our great experiment of emancipation, and anticipates from it an accession to the sum of human wealth and power; the whole world is interested in the prosperity of all its races, and their most effective employment, as contributions to its supplies. The demands of men are limited only by their fabrics and products, which are capable of indefinite increase.

The emancipation of the serfs of Russia is one of the triumphs of modern civilization and Christianity, and reflects immortal glory on the head of the Emperor and father of the Russian people; but greater, grander, and more beneficent far than this, is the emancipation of the slaves of America; they are counted by millions, and are raised from a lower debasement and viler oppression than that of the serfs of Russia, to a greater elevation, as the subjects of American republicanism.

The slaves of America have been the standing opprobrium of Christendom for the last fifty years, and their oppression has contributed to divide mankind into different and hostile parties. This division is accompanied with alienation and ill-will. It is not confined to America, but extends to all Europe. In this country it has gone to the extent of creating first a slave oligarchy, which governed the nation forty years, and then a rebellion, which for persistence and obstinacy, and the mateural aids it has controlled, is without a parallel in history.

Besides other evils, slavery has corrupted the morality of the nation, and done it harm which centuries will scarcely repair.

The evils of slavery to the dominant race have clearly appeared in this country for the last twenty years, culminating in the present most sanguinary civil war with which God ever scourged a guilty nation. How many widows and orphans has it made! What untold millions of wealth has it swallowed up like a vast maelstrom, never to disgorge! How many souls of heroes has it prematurely sent to Hades! The old Trojan war of ancient Greece was children's play in comparison with it. But after we shall have fought our second revolution through, and worked out our redemption, we hope for bright and serene days; we hope the white race will be wiser and better, and that the colored people will appreciate their condition and duties as American freemen, and work out a destiny of glory and happiness.

No man can foresee what the colored people may yet do for themselves, and what trophies they may win. When the Greeks emerged from semi-barbarism after the Trojan war, who predicted their future glorious career? Who foresaw Alexander giving law to Asia, and Socrates, Plato and Aristotle leading the ages, and giving new views to other races during long millenniums of increasing light? So now the colored race has a future which defies all human augury, and is to be determined by itself. If it produces Alexanders, they will perform the work of Alexanders; and if it produces Platos and Aristotles, they will perform the works of Plato and Aristotle, put coming ages on new tracks of thought, and enrich all human races with new stores of knowledge, wisdom and happiness.

Yours, most truly, L. A. SAWYER.

AMESBURY, April 14, 1863.

FRIEND GARRISON—In my humble opinion, the best thing the present administration could do would be to allow the South to go, and carry the "damnable institution" along with them.

By so doing, the anti-slavery men would carry the next Presidential Election, while a contrary course is sure to elect a Democratic President, patch up a dishonorable peace, and place us at the mercy of the traitorous slaveholders again.

With respect and esteem,

Your humble servant, S. B. TRUE.

BRAVERY OF THE COLORED SOLDIERS.

The following official document, testifying to the courage and success of the colored soldiers in the late conflict with the rebel forces near Pascagoula, has been forwarded to us for publication:—

HEADQUARTERS, SHIP ISLAND, (Miss.) April 11, 1863.

BRIG. GEN. SHERMAN,

Commanding Defences of New Orleans:

SIR—In compliance with instructions from your Headquarters to keep you promptly informed of any movements that the enemy might be known to be making up the Mississippi Sound, upon learning that repeated demonstrations had been made in the direction of Pascagoula, by Confederate troops ashore, and in armed boats along the coast; and, furthermore, having reliable information that the greater part of the forces at Mobile were being sent to reinforce Charleston, I determined to make a reconnoissance within the enemy's lines, at or near Pascagoula, for the purpose of not only breaking up their demonstrations, but of creating a diversion of the Mobile forces from Charleston, and precipitating them along the Sound; and, accordingly, embarked with a detachment of 180 men of my command on U. S. Transport "General Banks," on the morning of 9th April, 1863, and made for Pascagoula, (Miss.) where we arrived about 9 o'clock, A. M.—landed, and took possession of wharf and hotel—hoisted the Stars and Stripes upon the building—threw out pickets, and sent small detachments in various directions to take possession of the place, and hold the roads leading from the same. Immediately thereafter, a force of over 300 Confederate cavalry came down the Mobile road, drove in the pickets, and attacked the squad on the left, from whom they received a warm reception. They then fell back in some confusion, re-formed, and made a dash upon the detachment stationed at the hotel, at which point they were again repulsed; Confederate infantry, meanwhile, attacking my forces on the extreme left, and forcing a small detachment to occupy a wharf, from which they poured volley after volley into the enemy's ranks, killing and wounding many, with a loss of one man only. The fight had now extended along the road from the river to the wharf—the enemy being under cover of the houses and forest, whilst my troops were, from the nature of the ground, unavoidably exposed. The Confederates had placed their women and children in front of their houses, for a cover, and even armed their citizens, and forced them to fight against us. After an hour's continuous skirmishing, the enemy retreated to the woods, and my forces fell back to the hotel and wharf. Then the enemy sallied forth again, with apparently increased numbers, attempting to surround the hotel, and obtain possession of the wharf; but they were again repulsed, and driven back to their cover—the forest. It was here that Lieut. Jones, with a detachment of only seven men, having been placed on the extreme right, cut his way through a large force of the enemy's cavalry, and arrived at the hotel without losing a man, but killing and wounding a considerable number of the enemy.

After continuous fighting, from 10 o'clock, A. M., to 2 o'clock, P. M., and on learning that heavy reinforcements of infantry and artillery had arrived from the camps up the Pascagoula river, I withdrew my forces from the hotel, and returned to Ship Island. The enemy's loss was over twenty killed, and a large number wounded. From my own knowledge, and from information derived from prisoners taken in the fight, and from refugees since arrived, the enemy had over 400 cavalry and infantry at Pascagoula, and heavy reinforcements within six miles of the place. Refugees, who have arrived since the engagement, report the enemy's loss as greater than mentioned in my first report.

The expedition was a perfect success, accomplishing all that was intended; resulting in the repulse of the enemy in every engagement with great loss, whilst our casualty was only two killed and eight wounded. Great credit is due to the troops engaged, for their unflinching bravery and steadiness under this their first fire—exchanging volley after volley with the coolness of veterans; and for their determined tenacity in maintaining their position, and taking advantage of every success that their courage and valor gave them; and also to their officers, who were cool and determined throughout the action—fighting their commands against five times their numbers, and confident throughout of success—all demonstrating, to its fullest extent, that the oppression which they have heretofore undergone, from the hands of their foes, and the obloquy that had been showered upon them by those who should have been friends, had not extinguished their manhood, or suppressed their bravery, and that they had still a hand to wield the sword, and a heart to vitalize its blow.

I would particularly call the attention of the Department to Major F. E. Dumas, Capt. Villeverd, and Lieuts. Jones and Martin, who were constantly in the thickest of the fight, and by their unflinching bravery, and admirable handling of their commands, contributed to the success of the attack, and reflected great honor upon the flag under and for which they so nobly struggled. Repeated instances of individual bravery among the troops might be mentioned, but it would be invidious where all fought so manfully and so well.

I would also mention the names of, and thank, in behalf of the Regiment, Dr. Celso Pierucci, Surgeon of the U. S store-ship "Relief"—Dr. Skinner, Surgeon of the U. S. sloop of war "Vincennes"—who so kindly volunteered their services in behalf of the wounded, and so assiduously attended to their every want; and also Quarter-Master Sauvinet, who, by his valuable services, aided materially the embarkation and disembarkation of the forces.

This expedition has completely changed the plans of the rebel leaders at Mobile, by creating a diversion from Charleston; heavy reinforcements having already been sent to Pascagoula and other points along the Mississippi Sound.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

N. U. DANIELS,

Col. 2d Reg't La. N. O. Vol., Commanding Post.

HOW COLORED SOLDIERS ARE TO BE TREATED.

The following letter from Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts is in reply to questions addressed him by Mr. Downing, concerning the position of colored troops in respect to pay, equipments, bounty and protection, compared with that of white volunteers:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, March 23, 1863.

George T. Downing, Esq., New York:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiries made as to the position of colored men who may be enlisted and mustered into the volunteer service of the United States, I would say that their position, in respect to pay, equipments, bounty, or any aid and protection, when so mustered, will be precisely the same, in every particular, as that of any and all other volunteers.

I desire further to state to you, that when I was in Washington, on one occasion, in an interview with Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, he stated in the most emphatic manner that he would never consent that free colored men should be accepted into the service to serve as soldiers in the South, until he should be assured that the Government of the United States was prepared to guarantee and defend, to the last dollar and the last man, to these men, all the rights, privileges and immunities that are given, by the laws of civilized warfare, to other soldiers. Their present acceptance and muster-in, as soldiers, pledges the honor of the nation in the same degree and to the same rights with all other troops. They will be soldiers of the Union—nothing less and nothing different. I believe they will earn for themselves an honorable fame, vindicating their race and redeeming their future from the aspersions of the past.

I am yours truly,

JOHN A. ANDREW.

DIVORCED—At the Suprome Court, in and for the County of Suffolk, on the petition of John Oliver, of Boston, representing that, by a decree of said Court, he had been divorced from his wife, Louisa de Mortie Oliver, he was duly authorized and permitted to marry again in accordance with the prayer of his petition.

Extract of a Letter from Edinburgh.

DEAR MRS. CHILD,—We have this morning received an interesting parcel of Anti-Slavery documents from America, which were most welcome. I personally return thanks for the volume addressed to me. The author [Wm. Wells Brown,] is well known here, and his sayings and doings are read as those of a familiar friend.

We were much gratified by the result of your Subscription Anniversary. It proves that the cause of the slave still goes on at the North. We are very anxious to see it do so, more and more; for it is by righteousness, more than by policy, or force of arms, that the fearful judgments now upon your country will be turned aside. We feel for you intensely, and are watching your struggle with increasing anxiety.

You have doubtless seen that our country is beginning to take some decided steps towards a recognition of principle in this matter. Our working men stand out nobly nearly everywhere; and the voices of some of our good and eminent men are an offset for the pro-slavery of the *Times* and other papers, which are so utterly demoralizing, so unworthy of this day, and so disgraceful to the country. Earl Russell's speech, in the House of Lords, and the arrest of the Alexandra, are tokens of good, and do something to wipe off the disgrace brought upon us by this iniquitous Confederate Loan.

There may be many impediments in the way of universal emancipation throughout your whole nation, many more trials, unknown to us, and unforeseen by yourselves. It would indeed be wonderful if it were not so. But we have been exceedingly thankful for the conduct of the freed slaves in almost every position in which they have appeared. I am glad to see that the Society of Friends among you are liberally aiding the poor suffering refugees. Their brethren here are sending contributions for the same purpose. We rejoice in every testimony of sympathy we can offer you.

Wilt thou accept for thyself, and all thy beloved fellow-laborers in this cause, our heartfelt thanks and earnest wishes that you may live to see the complete fruition of your labors.

Thine affectionately and sincerely,

JANE WIGHAM.

PROGRESS!

BROOKLYN, (N. Y.) April 26, 1863.

DEAR MR. GARRISON—As you have often had occasion to mourn over the unchristian spirit shown by our Orthodox churches toward the hated race, so your heart will be gladdened by any omen of repentance on their part. I think we have such an omen here in Brooklyn. The New School Presbyterian organization of this city is very wealthy, popular and "orthodox," including within its jurisdiction the fashionable congregations of Drs. Cuyler, Spear, Robinson, McLane, etc. At the regular session of the Presbytery, held in Dr. Robinson's church, last week, my friend Charles S. Thompson, pastor of the Siloam Church, was chosen—by a unanimous vote, I think—moderator for the ensuing year. Mr. Thompson is a modest young colored man, earnest, practical, well-educated, pleasing in his address, and well-suited in every way to give satisfaction as a presiding officer. Here white men,—ruling elders, with millions of dollars in their pockets,—receive as law the decisions of that young man, poor and very dark—and *nobody hurt*.

Your friend, EDWARD S. BUNKER.

VIEWS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS IN 1860.

In a debate which took place in the Senate of the United States, in May, 1860, between JEFFERSON DAVIS and STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, with reference to slavery in the Territories, the former scouted the charge that there was any design at the South to dissolve the Union, in the following terms:—

The last point which I will notice is his reference to the Southern League. He reads from the Southern League constitution, or whatever it is—I do not know—to show that there was an organization to dissolve the Union. Does the Senator believe there was a lodge in that Southern League outside of the State of Alabama?

Mr. DOUGLAS. I did suppose so, for the reason that Mr. Yancey refers to it in his letter to Slaughter in terms of approval; and in the letter to Pryor, explaining the Slaughter letter, he says there is a well-matured plan throughout the Southern States, and approved by the best men in Virginia; evidently referring to the Southern League as spreading throughout the Southern States, and then existing in Virginia, with the approval of the best men.

Mr. DAVIS. I know very little about other people's secrets, and have very few of my own to keep; but I will say, that if there was a lodge outside of Alabama, I do not know of it. Further, I will say, that I do not believe there was. And more, I will say, from the best information I have, there was not one hundred in the organization in Alabama; I have been told, about seventy-five. I do not think the Union was in any danger from them. *I have great confidence in the strength of the Union.* Every now and then I hear that it is about to tumble to pieces, that somebody is going to introduce a new plank into the platform, and if he does, the Union must tumble down; until at last I begin to think it is such a rickety old platform that it is impossible to prop it up; but then I bring my own judgment to bear, instead of relying on witnesses, and I come to the conclusion that *the Union is strong and safe—strong in its power, as well as in the affections of the people; that it holds high prizes yet*, and the danger is that it will overwhelm the States by its wide-spread patronage. The danger is consolidation; and I wish it was in my power to-day to strike three-fifths of the patronage of this Government from it, that the States might rise in their relative dignity, and the Union be less strong than it is—more strong perhaps in the affections of a virtuous people, but less powerful in its influence upon those who follow in the wake of spoils. But, sir, I have very little apprehension that the Union is about to be destroyed by seventy-five men anywhere; *very little apprehension that this great Government can be crushed by a secret organization.* No, sir; it will require men, brave men, intelligent men, united and acting openly, defending their firesides, under the promptings of the highest motive that sustained our fathers in the Revolution, whenever war shall successfully be waged against this Government.

GEN. BURNSIDE ON THE SLAVES OF REBELS IN KENTUCKY.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, CINCINNATI, O., April 28th, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 53. 1. In accordance with the spirit of the Proclamation of the President of the United States, dated January 1st, 1863, it is ordered that all persons belonging to, or following the army in this Department, are forbidden to interfere with or impede the operations of any civil process in the State of Kentucky, having in view the recovery of slaves of citizens of the State; and they are likewise forbidden to aid or abet in their escape from their homes, or to employ such persons against the consent of their owners, except in cases when military necessity requires their impressment; which impressment must be made in accordance with regulations governing such cases.

2. All slaves made free by the war measure of the President of the United States, by Congress, or by capture, during the war, are entitled to their freedom, and no one in this Department has a right to interfere with that freedom. Any sale of such persons in this Department is void. The right of citizens must be respected by the army, and the war measures of the Government must be sustained.

3. Any person wilfully violating this order will be at once arrested and reported to the headquarters of Gen. Boyle, at Louisville, for trial.

Regulations to prevent confusion and injustice in the execution of this order will be published.

By command of Major General BURNSIDE.

LEWIS A. RICHMOND, A. A. General.

Official: W. P. ANDERSON, A. A. G.

☞ The Washington authorities claim that though Hooker's operations failed, the army has suffered no serious disaster. It is now occupying its old camp at Falmouth. Gen. Hooker says he has taken one more gun than he has lost; that he has lost in killed, wounded and missing, about 10,000 men; that he believes the enemy's loss to be much greater; that he has taken 2500 prisoners; that he has "shattered and demoralized the rebel army while his own remains well organized and in good heart;" that "he is himself tranquil and in good spirits."

☞ We have accounts from Admiral Porter of the capture of Grand Gulf. He describes the place as the "door to Vicksburg," and says that it is the strongest rebel possession on the Mississippi. "Had the enemy succeeded in finishing the fortifications, no fleet could have taken them."

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 12th. The Richmond papers of yesterday announce the death of Stonewall Jackson on Sunday afternoon from the effects of his recent amputation and pneumonia. His burial was fixed for to-day. The military band in Fredericksburg have been performing dirges a greater part of the afternoon. He was accidentally shot by his own men.

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 7th has the following:—

"On Sunday morning, shortly after midnight, the hostile armies occupying lines directly parallel with the plank road leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House, the enemy advanced and delivered battle. At this critical juncture Gen. Jackson received his wound.

Our victory on the Rappahanock has cost us dear in the severe wounds unfortunately received by the great and good General Jackson. *His left arm has been amputated above the elbow; a bullet has passed through his right hand.* His condition is now, we learn, as favorable as could be expected; and he will doubtless recover, and is not, we trust, lost to active service. We could better spare a brigade or a division. It would be grievous to think that his banner will never more flash out upon the Yankee rear, and throw them at its first gleam into headlong rout, with the sudden outcry, 'Jackson's coming!' that the stern eye of the hero will never more lighten with a warrior's joy as he launches brigade after brigade upon the stubborn foe, until the hated flag stoops, and the columns reel, and break and fly, with the vengeful Confederate cheer ringing in their ears.

Our base foe will exult in the disaster to Jackson; yet the accursed bullet that brought him down was never moulded by a Yankee. Through a cruel mistake, in the confusion, the hero received two balls from some of his own men who would have died for him."

The Boston *Advertiser* says:—

"His true name was Thomas J. Jackson. He was a classmate at West Point, where he entered in 1842, of Gen. McClellan and the rebel Gen. A. P. Hill. He was graduated in good standing in 1846, and was brevetted 2d Lieutenant of Artillery in July of that year; went to Mexico with Magruder's Battery, was brevetted Captain for 'gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras and Cherubusco' in August, 1847, and Major for 'gallant and meritorious conduct at Chapultepec' a year after. He resigned his commission in the army in 1852, and at the outbreak of the rebellion was Professor in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington in that State. As a Major-General in the rebel army he has been one of the most promising and successful of the enemy's leaders."

☞ All accounts represent Gen. Stoneman's cavalry raid as one of the most brilliant feats of the war At one time a portion of his forces was within the very fortifications of Richmond, destroying supplies and tearing up railway track. The rebel communications have been broken in every direction, and, so far, Stoneman is reported to have captured at least a thousand prisoners. Three regiments of his command were detailed to destroy the railroad bridges across the Chickahominy, with instructions to go into Yorktown.

☞ Gen. Banks has issued orders commanding all registered enemies to leave the department on or before May 15th, declaring the death penalty for furnishing supplies to the enemies of the United States in arms; sentencing W. G. Betterton to a fine of $25,000 and one year's imprisonment, and to hard labor in Fort Pickens for an attempt to furnish supplies to the enemy; stating that negroes who desire to escape the intended conscription in the rebel army must follow the flag of the government, "now and forever the flag of Union and Liberty." [This last order is in consequence of the rebel military order dated January 27th, for the conscription of negroes free or slave.]

GEN. SIGEL'S CREED. This General sums up his belief in the following sentence:—

"I believe in the Monroe doctrine, in the Butler code, in the President's proclamation, in the good will and perseverance of the people, in the undaunted courage of our volunteers, in the final vindication of the honest, and the just, and the brave, in the liberation of the down-trodden and the slave, and in the overthrow and death of the Southern oligarchy."

YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

The Religious Society of Progressive Friends will hold its Eleventh Yearly Meeting at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., commencing on Fifth-day (Thursday), the 4th of Sixth month (June), 1863, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing two or three days.

The Progressive Friends are not associated upon any theological or ecclesiastical basis, but attracted by a common desire to promote their own moral and spiritual improvement, and to labor for the promotion among mankind of whatsoever things are just, beneficent and pure. It is their aim to maintain freedom of inquiry, thought and speech; to be hospitable to new ideas, proving all things and holding fast that which is good; to deliver themselves and others from the benumbing power of superstition, sectarianism and priestcraft; to open their hearts freely to all Divine and ennobling inspirations, giving heed to the spirit more than to the letter; and to exert their whole moral influence, as individuals and as an association, for the overthrow of every system of injustice and fraud, and the upbuilding of all that tends to promote the highest welfare of the human family.

The measure of success which has attended our labors as a Religious Society during the last ten years, to say nothing of the great enjoyment we have had in them, encourages us to persevere in the good work. And now when our country is involved in all the disasters and perils of a bloody struggle for the overthrow of slavery and the preservation of free institutions, the duty of laboring for the diffusion of the principles on which our association is founded seems more than ever imperative. We therefore invite all who cherish those principles to meet and co-operate with us.

Oliver Johnson,	Mary Lundy Barnard,
Jennie K. Smith,	Theodore Tilton,
William Barnard,	Hannah Cox,
Mary P. Wilson,	Sarah M. Barnard,
Maria Agnew,	Edwin H. Coates,
Henry M. Smith,	Susanna P. Chambers,
Dinah Mendenhall,	Allen Agnew,
Alfred H. Love,	Annie M. Stambach, M. D.

INFIDEL CONVENTION.

The Infidel Association of America will hold its Annual Convention on the day and evening of WEDNESDAY, May 27th, 1863, at Mercantile Hall, Summer Street, Boston, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Friends of the cause are respectfully invited to attend. Good speakers are expected.

Per order of the Executive Central Committee,

J. M. BECKET, *Sec'y.*

Boston, May 1, 1863.

☞ REV. LEICESTER A. SAWYER will preach at the MELODEON next Sunday at half past 10 A. M., on "The Present Crisis of Christianity, and its Demands."

☞ E. H. HEYWOOD will speak at QUINCY, Sunday, May 17th, at 2 P. M., and half past 6 o'clock in the evening.

COLLECTIONS BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

Plymouth, $3; Woonsocket, R. I., $5.84; Mr. Harris, Woonsocket, $12; Cambridgeport, $1.12; Mr. Coolidge, Watertown, $1; Blackstone, $4; Chesnut Hills, Blackstone, $2.27; Harrisville, R. I., $4; Easton, N. Y., $1.75; Galesville, N. Y., $2.02; Union Village, N. Y., 2.41; L. Gibbs, Union Village, $2; Auburn, N. Y., $12; Syracuse, N. Y., 11.45.

☞ TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE. The eloquent Address of WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., on the great St. Domingo chief, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, delivered at the Cooper Institute, in New York, March 11, 1863, may be obtained on a printed sheet at the Anti-Slavery Office, Room No. 6, 221 Washington Street. Single copy, 3 cents. By the dozen or more, 2 cents each. An additional charge of 1 cent, where forwarded by mail.

☞ MARY WATERS (formerly a slave) is well recommended as being capable, intelligent and deserving. She desires employment in washing and ironing, house-cleaning, &c., and does other housework satisfactorily. Any who will give her work will be conferring a kindness, as she is very destitute, being left with four small children. She resides at 29 Anderson Street, formerly West Centre, Boston.

☞ MERCY B. JACKSON, M. D., has removed to 62 Dover street. Particular attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.

References.—Luther Clark, M. D.; David Thayer, M. D.

Office hours from 2 to 4, P. M.

MARRIED—In this city, April 23d, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. WILLIAM HENSON and Mrs. CHLOE GREEN.

OBITUARY.

A NOBLE MAN GONE. Rev. JAMES MEANS, of Auburndale, Mass., whose death was recently announced in the papers, had many warm friends in this city, in New England, and at the West, as well as in the recent scene of his labors and his departure—Newbern, N. C. He was a man greatly beloved. Never was there a nobler, braver, more chivalrous, godly, loving heart. His memory is dear and fragrant. How laboriously, how faithfully, how tenderly, he cared for the thousands of poor creatures who looked to him—in his new position of Superintendent of Negroes—for food, clothing, medicine, council, everything, the crowds that in solid mass darkened the church galleries at his funeral, and whose tears and suppressed sobs added such pathos to that scene of mourning, bear touching testimony. And when his body was carried to the steamer, other crowds tumultuously thronged the street, witnessing in expressive manner their sense of loss.—*New York Independent.*

At Rocky Hill, Conn., SOLOMON MURRAY, (colored,) aged 117 years. Murray was at one time in the English naval service, and was taken prisoner on an English man-of-war during the war of 1812. Soon after being released, he came to Rocky Hill, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death. He was a man of powerful frame, muscular and well developed; very good natured and friendly toward everybody, and much attached to his friends and acquaintances. His wife died several years since, at the age of 90.

IN PREPARATION.

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BY

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

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REFERENCES.—Rev. T. J. Sawyer, D. D., Clinton, N. Y.; Rev. S. W. Fisher, D. D., President of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.; De Witt C. Grove, Mayor of Utica, N. Y.; Rev. A. D. Mayo, Albany, N. Y.; Henry Bigelow, M. D., Newton, Mass.; Dio Lewis, M. D., Boston, Mass.; Prof. H. B. Pierce, Principal of Model School, Trenton, N. J.; Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., New York; Rev. Austin Craig, D. D., Blooming-Grove, N. Y.

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Poetry.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE REBELLION.

I.

There's a law of compensation,
And a law of retribution,
For each mortal and each nation,
And I've seen the plain solution.

II.

If there's truth in the evangel,
Then the old recording angel,
By that law of compensation,
And that law of retribution,
(For I've seen the whole solution,)
Has a reckoning with this nation.

III.

I have seen the primal entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover.

IV.

On a midnight dank and dreary,
When my form was weak and weary,
Then my spirit left its dwelling,
Left it in another's keeping,
In the kind care of another,
Of a loving angel brother,
Who had left his earth-friends weeping,
And had crossed the river swelling,
But had found a passage over—
Found a backward passage over,
Through the dark bridge with the cover,
And had made another entry
On the shore this side the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover.

V.

As my spirit made its entry
On the shore beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover;
There I met the writing angel,
With his records all before him,
And a halo hanging o'er him,
With his books named in th' evangel.

VI.

With an anxious, saddened feeling,
Through my inner spirit stealing,
Turned I to the writing angel,
With his books named in th' evangel;
Just to learn the situation
Of our struggling, bleeding nation;
Just to learn this from the entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover.

VII.

With a tear the angel said it:
"There's your debt, and there's your credit—
Just inspect each primal entry
On the books this side the sentry,
Of the sentry standing over
Gaunt and grim beside the river."

VIII.

Turned I quick aside the cover,
And I glanced the pages over,
And I found the primal entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
Was before the old embargo,
When the Dutch ship, with her cargo,
Ploughed her keel across our waters,
With her fettered sons and daughters,
'Twas a charge for "countless terrors,"
And the "middle passage horrors."

IX.

Then the next or second entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover,
Was for wails of wives and mothers,
And for sisters, fathers, brothers,
When the auction hammer thundered
That all kindred ties were sundered.

X.

Then the next and final entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing over
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover,
Was for "proceeds of the cargo,
Brought before the old embargo,"
And I found the angel had it,
With each mill of interest added—
But we pass now to the credit,
As the writing angel had it.

XI.

Turned I then again the cover,
And I searched the pages over,
But I found no credit entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river;
Then I gave unto the angel
All his books named in th' evangel,
When a deeper, saddened feeling
Came across my spirit stealing;
But the angel sternly said it—
"You shall have your honest credit.

XII.

"When your land is filled with terrors,
Like the Middle Passage horrors,
All the horrors of each cargo
Since the Dutch keel ploughed your waters,
With her sable sons and daughters,
Long before the slave embargo.

XIII.

"When your wails of wives and mothers,
Of your sisters, fathers, brothers,
Shall amount through all your slaughters
To the wails of sons and daughters,
Of the sable sons and daughters,
Since the auction hammer thundered
That all human ties were sundered.

XIV.

"When the proceeds of the cargo,
Brought before the old embargo—
When the proceeds as you had it,
With each mill of interest added,
Shall be squandered in your slaughters,
'Mid your wails of wives and daughters
You will get your honest credit!"

XV.

Then he closed the opening cover,
When again I crossed the river,
By the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside that river;
Then my spirit sought its dwelling,
Left within a brother's keeping,
Of an angel brother's keeping,
When that brother left my dwelling,
And recrossed the river swelling,
From this land with sorrow laden,
To his better home in Aidenn.

DAVID BARKER.

Exeter, New Hampshire.

CHEER.

Seek to be patient in distress—
The weariest night at last must close;
Tears are akin to happiness—
The thorn is neighbored by the rose.

The Liberator.

THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH.
A TALE OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEAR ASCUTNEY.

Whence comes that coloring? Heralds of decay we talk of in this connection. Not unless we can go behind the common, repulsive idea with which that word is associated, is it less than sacrilege so to designate this display. Do we make mention of decay when gazing on the gorgeous upholstery behind which a day goes to its repose? Do we think of decay in presence of those scenes where tropical forests, alive with tropical plumage, out-dazzle a tropical sun? Do we dream of decay when the cheek glows, and the eye flashes, and the pulse alternately bounds and pauses under the irresistible sway of genius in any of its intenser manifestations? Is there a hint of decay in the regal robes with which hereditary sovereignty delights to drape itself to the eyes of admiring millions?

Decay? It is the victorious banner of glorious achievement; the imperial pageant of successful power; the triumphant culmination of the genius of that sublime artist—Nature; the fervid expression of the concentrated enthusiasm of an intensely vital clime; the fore-glowing of immortality, transfiguring the outward aspect of things to eyes too prone to see in outward changes only the dreary lesson of decay; the grand illumination of hope, faith and love, lifted above the shadows, and shining along the pathways of fear and doubt. Were it the herald of decay, would the great, conscious heart of Nature beat so tranquilly beneath it? Would the liquid blue of her waters, like lustrous, dreamy eyes, turn so lovingly toward the tender, lending blue of her heavens? Would the brooding haze and soft, low wind-sigh have so much of the depth, and mystery, and sweetness, and sympathetic telegraphy of affection in them? Decay? It is the glowing, sensuous human in the life of Nature, gushing into outward expression from among the abstract, cool, passionless elements of her being.

If Adela Herman's meditations were not precisely of this character, they were absorbing, elevating, and suffused with sadness, if one might judge by the expression of her countenance. Very pale was she, still, and the large blue eyes very dreamy, as they looked out on the magnificent landscape before her, where she sat at the western door-way of a retired farm-house in the neighborhood of the Ascutney mountains. Waters, woods, sky, surpassed, that Indian summer afternoon, all we have attempted to indicate; while the picturesquely diversified surface gave groupings of coloring, and gleams of tranquil loveliness, that inspired fresh amazement and delight with each succeeding glance of the beholder. Now it was an inclined plane of unimagined gorgeousness, as if the great artist had there spread her palette, and thrown together, at random, her rarest chemical combinations, to illustrate her wonderful chromatography. Now it was a group of individuals, in tableau, representing oriental costumes of the most elaborate styles. Again, along the meanderings of a hidden water-course, ran a line of pyrotechnic light, flashing and flaming in the sun with a splendor almost painful to the eye. Yet again it was a colossal boquet, arranged with a view to facilitate the studies of the botanist, and startle the fancy of the amateur. And, yet again, it was mountain and plain in sunset masquerade with rainbow girdles and streamers.

Adela was alone in that retired part of the house—her favorite sunset retreat—the other inmates being occupied with their various industrial pursuits in the other extreme of the building. Between these two extremes, on the southerly side, according to the almost universal custom of building houses now called old, was the front entrance for strangers. The young girl's head leaned languidly upon one hand, the other held a folded letter which gave evidence of having been often read. So wholly had thought retreated to the centre, that none was left as sentinel at the gateways of the senses, and the sound of approaching footsteps, from within, and the voice of the good housewife saying, a few yards from her, "There she is, sir," were not announced to the consciousness at all. The stranger had bowed his thanks to the housewife—who had instantly returned to her avocations—had advanced so near that the hand-writing of the folded, well-worn letter was perfectly legible, and with a mixture of deep emotions stood contemplating the lovely object before him. A level ray from the descending sun shot across the bowed head, and formed a sort of golden nimbus above the auburn hair—the effect was not unlike that of the firelight in Aunt Juno's hut.

Partly through fear of starting her too suddenly from so profound a reverie, partly from unwillingness to change, in the least, so charming a picture, the stranger still stood and looked upon her, his fine face eloquent with feeling. Then the fair head moved slightly, readjusting itself on the hand—some influence was unclasping the spell; then the letter was grasped more firmly—then impulsively hidden in the bosom. Was it right thus to invade the sanctity of solitude? The spell was loosening; the head moved more consciously—the other hand pressed firmly against the letter hidden on the heart—a profound sigh came from beneath the pressure.

"Adela!" said a low, deep, tender voice.

Life rushed from the centre to the surface in mantling color, tremulous motion, an effort to rise, and a half-breathed cry of exceeding joy; then retreated again, as suddenly, leaving a cold, white, exquisitely beautiful marble image, in the arms reverently extended for support.

"Adela!" He laid her on the small sofa on which she had been seated, knelt before her with both hands in his, and, bending, breathed that one word of invocation. How much may one word be the vehicle of! With lingering steps reanimation responded; lingering—slow—almost reluctant, lest consciousness should find itself awakened from a blissful dream. Her opening eyes met his—with glowing cheek and wildly throbbing heart she withdrew her hands, sat erect, and thanked and welcomed the playmate, the teacher, the cousin, the friend.

They sat there, side by side, while the great red sun went down in the West, glancing back his most benignant smile on a spot of earth so blest with beauty and sanctified by human happiness; while the full, fair harvest-moon came up in the East, flooding with its holy, sympathetic splendors that paradise of magnificence whose centre was, as primevally, two pure and loving souls; nor need watching angels be anxious here—the serpent's wiles have been tried, and, thus far, proved powerless.

The past—that momentous period of their entire separation—was retraced; the present, so momentous still in its threatenings as well as its promises, was scanned; the future—with the ardor and the determination of vigorous manhood he grasped, and made it already his own; with feminine delicacy and reserve, but yet with trembling hope and confidence, she pushed it from thought and speech, yet held it fondly in her heart of hearts. On one topic alone, over which the future had control, could she trust herself to speak—the freedom of Huldah and Harry; here she could plead, could plan, could will, with the enthusiasm and energy that were native to her. Sublimely she looked and spoke, as when, in that parlor scene at the cottage, Edgar Horton had worshipped at the shrine of her marvellous, versatile, wholly womanly, power. Another worshipped as truly now, and no voice within bade her turn away.

They talked of her friends and helpers in the dark hour; and Hugh Berkeley revelled in the grateful, unembarrassed outpouring of Adela's soul in tribute to Edgar Horton. He had disciplined himself to the task, and come prepared to merge self forever for the interests of his friend, if the object of their regard gave evidence the most meagre, that such sacrifice was demanded. The first approach to her presence had richly rewarded his magnanimous endeavor by convincing him of what we already knew, dear reader, from her own confession to Edgar. How cloudless, how certain, seemed now that not far distant future to the happy man! He was here to obtain the promise, if he might, which he had obtained, then superintend the movements by which she could rejoin him in Montreal; there to remain in a family of the first respectability, originally from New England, devoting her time to the entire restoration of her health, and the further cultivation of her mind. Under the auspices of the Misses Kent, this plan was to be effected; the daughter of him whom their ill-fated niece had so much loved, should take her place in their affections and care; henceforth her wants must be supplied from their ample means—in a word, she was their daughter, by adoption.

As soon as, without danger of her being forced by process of law from his heart and arms, Mr. Berkeley could take her to the States as his wife, he should claim his affianced bride. Here lay great uncertainty, difficulty, and, perhaps, prolonged delay. This evening Hugh Berkeley saw none of these; he only saw his Adela alive and safe at his side, and had from downcast eye and trembling lip the blessed assurance that she would abide there in life and death. Heaven is not a place for anxieties and doubts, and here was heaven, to-night.

Apart from this, Mr. Berkeley had a prophetic conviction that a great national crisis was at hand; that God was about to deal directly with a people that had so long been unheeding of his warnings and suggestions; that prison-doors were soon to be opened, and fetters and manacles unlocked, by the earthquake of his judgments.

"Can any one reasonably assume," he said in answer to an inquiry of Adela, "that He will much longer permit the existence of such evils as the system of slavery engenders? Why, even the champions of the system give evidence of their apprehension in their tone of defence. Often has it been said to me, 'If this is such an accursed thing, why does not the Righteous Judge you rant about interfere to destroy it?' He is, I fervently believe, about to interfere; yet his agency will not be recognized, at once, at least. 'See what fanatical Northern agitators have brought about,' will be the cry. But despite all pretences and aspersions, his work will be accomplished if it is once begun. Not so soon as the bleeding heart of Humanity prays for, I fear, but DONE, finally and effectually."

"Do you think, Mr. Berkeley, a wise selection has been made for Chief Magistrate, at such a crisis as you think impends?"

The gentleman addressed seemed not to have heard the question, but only something in connection with it. His face lost its stern thoughtfulness, and assumed a disappointed, pained expression. An instant he mused thus, then taking a very fair hand in his, and looking earnestly into a listening face,

"When you permitted me to be your playmate, and called me your teacher, there was a less formal name coupled with your questions—a name your speaking made musical to my ear—is it difficult to recal, or has it lost its charm? You used to say you liked it, Adela."

"Forgive me, Hugh!" It would be difficult to say whether blush, smile or tone, was most captivating; either would have been convincing, and the acknowledgment, without words, proved how entirely satisfactory the trio were.

"That remains to be seen, dearest. There has been a spirit of Compromise shown by the party, most obviously, but it may be overruled for wisest ends. It is an unfortunate thing for individuals or a people, when they come to dispense with the ideal of persons or places. Here lies one of the great dangers inherent in popular forms of government; a tendency easily guarded against if duly foreseen, but likely to be overlooked in the heated contests of party competitions. We boast of bringing the masses up to the level of the highest positions, when, in truth, we are dropping those positions down to the level of the lowest masses; and, what is saddest in view of the fact, is the current conviction of its necessity. How general is the reply to earnest or speculative inquiry or comment—'No, he is not the best man for the place, but the best man we can elect.' Look at the result! What should be the sacred, august, imposing Holy of Holies of the nation, the halls of Congress, are battle-grounds for the lowest passions; charnel-houses for honor, honesty, dignity, decency, even. And for the highest office in the gift of a free people to bestow—what a paneling for the galleries of historic art, the administrations of the last twenty-five years present! Let me not prejudge Mr. Lincoln, however. He is wholly unknown to me—he may be the Cincinnatus of his epoch—God grant it to our extreme need! It is better as it is at any rate, I am sure, than if William H. Seward held the responsible position; the third temptation has already, even prospectively, found him vanquished."

"Whom would you have selected, Hugh?"

"I know of but one name that could represent Freedom at the head of an Administration—that name the rabble would have scoffed at. It is a Massachusetts name, with no taint from the one Massachusetts leprous spot upon it. I need hardly name it to you, dear, for you can recal our mutual admiration for it in eighteen fifty-six—almost the last exchange of letters we succeeded in effecting."

"O, yes! And your faith in him remains?"

"Remains, Adela? Increases, ever. There may come tests which even his integrity cannot withstand, but surely I cannot foresee them. He is, unquestionably, the profoundest and truest thinker of the age; the most comprehensive in knowledge; the most masterly in statesmanship; yet the two extremes of social influence, in his own city of Boston, denounce him as a mere radical and factionist."

"Am I right in thinking Boston narrowly conservative? If so, why is it? It was not so in the struggle for Independence."

"Narrowly conservative on the one hand, from the influence of wealth and the *prestige* of æsthetic culture; vulgarly conservative on the other, from ignorance, personal interests—in the shortest range of interest, of course—and from that most abject of all dependence, an unenlightened dogmatism of independence in matters of opinion. Between these unwholesome extremes stand the firm phalanxes of legitimate power; the natural results of republican institutions—mental and moral freedom, unwarped and enlarged judgment, vigorous and comprehensive executive will, and that inspiring enthusiasm which comes of vital harmony and affiliation with truth. In large commercial or manufacturing towns, and in the atmosphere of merely technical erudition, to say nothing of the flimsy world of fashion, this sanitary social element is always found in the minority, yet in the van of all progress, and in the clearest illumination of its era. In its ranks tower the representative men of the period, giving coloring and resonance to passing events, and furnishing the materials for history. Hence the mistake which the readers of history fall into—similar to your idea, dearest, of Boston as it was—that certain other elements must have existed in less degree because of a too transient character to outlast the tests of time. This mistake is fostered by witnessing, without the power of discrimination, the avidity with which the temporisers of one generation seize, and the persistent patronage with which they present, as models, those whom, living, they would have shunned, denounced, and warred against. The sturdy battle-axes and finely tempered scimetars that hang as trophies on the walls are harmless, now, and may be handled curiously, admiringly, reverently; it is only when they flash in the full, out-door noon-light of the present hour that they are dangerous, and to be suppressed. The matchless philippic of the inspired Nazarene, uttered after a third and last effort to commend his truth to those in high places, has rebuked this class of persons for all time. Boston and its vicinity have, and have always have had, their full quota of such."

"What of the new Governor, Hugh?"

"A good man—a very good man; has always been fearlessly and actively on the side of right. Whether a strong man, firmly truth-centred, remains to be proved. Ah, Adela, the present is full of glorious opportunity for virtue, in the majestic, original sense of that word."

Adela thought that face never so fine as at this moment, in that spiritual moonlight, a loftier and purer spiritual radiance illuminating it from within. Has earth or heaven anything more satisfying to present than the mutual admiration, reverence, confluence of two kindred, yet individual souls?

The following morning brought Miss Harriet Williams and Effie Lester to the farm-house; the latter to take leave of her beloved "Clara," then remain a few days among the Indian-summer splendors of that charming locality; the former to facilitate the departure of her dear protégé for Her Majesty's dominions. Under those efficient hands the work of final preparation went briskly on, and the unclouded moon of that evening lighted the progress of a cumbrous carriage through the romantic by-roads of a mountainous, agricultural region, toward a remote station of the Vermont Central Railway, to intercept the night express train for Montreal. On the back seat of the carriage reclined a young lady, supported by the arm of a gentleman at her side—both silent, yet expressing in their countenances tranquil joy and entire satisfaction. The front seat held two other figures, seated as on a modern tete-a-tete—the one a rustic youth whose face was brim full of good-humor and genuine Yankee shrewdness, his ample hands grasping the reins, and guiding the often uncertain pathway of two stout horses; the other a small, compact personage, who sat, with the airy ease of her own self and no other, alternately looking from the window upon the wild, witching landscape, in entire sympathy with its changeful beauty, and regarding with wordless admiration and pleasure the interesting couple before her. At that wayside station they were approaching, Hugh would leave Adela under the protection of Miss Harriet, and by a counter movement reach Montreal a day later, and by another route. What a pity that, even for such results, that moonlight drive should have an end!

BISHOP COLENSO.

While we are having our revolution in the State, and in the system of despotism which has so ruinously counteracted our experiment in democratic government, our English friends are witnessing the commencement of a revolution, scarcely less momentous, in their Episcopal Church. One of the leading combatants in this English revolution, one of those truly noble persons who see that God's truth has a claim upon them paramount to the traditions, claims or interests of any human organization or establishment, is the Right Reverend John William Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. All who are interested in theological and ecclesiastical reform should watch diligently the progress of the controversy now going on between Bishop Colenso and his opponents.

A few years ago, the English Church was startled by the publication of a volume called "Essays and Reviews," which has been republished in Boston under the title, "Recent Inquiries in Theology." This book (a collection of papers written by seven gentlemen, most of whom hold eminent positions in the Episcopal Church, and characterized equally by the force of its arguments and the moderation of its language,) called public attention to various particulars in which a false and corrupt idea of Christianity was taught and perpetuated by the traditions, formulas and usages of the Established Church of England. These exposures of the departure of the popular church from pure Christianity, and of the customary grafting, by clergymen, of false and hurtful superstitions upon that venerable name, were identical, in many respects, with the charges made by Theodore Parker against the popular religion in this country; and now, being reaffirmed and published by men in England, not only eminent in scholarship and station, but dignitaries in the Established Church, these ideas immediately attracted the attention and interest of the religious world in England.

In due time, a host of pamphlets, newspaper essays, and articles in Magazines and Reviews, and several ponderous octavo volumes, some by Episcopal clergymen, and others by dissenters, attempted to answer the "Essays and Reviews," and at the same time to stigmatize their authors as infidels. This attempt to bring an ill name upon the person you wish to oppose, prior to any examination of the reasons for or against him, is the one first resorted to by churchmen when their dogmas are criticised. When the critic stands alone, (as Theodore Parker did in preaching his South Boston sermon,) the union of many persons in calumnious accusations against him will for a time have its effect in discrediting his speeches and writings, and in causing a large part of the community to decide against him in advance of examination. But the number of the authors of "Essays and Reviews," combined with the high position of many, and the literary eminence of all of them, rendered the mere cry of "Mad Dog!" inapplicable in their case, and required that many men of similar distinction, in the Church and out of it, should set forth some specific answers to their allegations.

The authors of "Essays and Reviews" are Rev. Frederick Temple, D. D., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Head Master of Rugby School; Rev. Rowland Williams, D. D., Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew in St. David's College, Lampeter, and Vicar of Broad Chalke, Wilts; Rev. Baden Powell, M. A., F. R. S., &c., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, and author of many theological works; Rev. Henry B. Wilson, B. D., Vicar of Great Staughton, Hunts; C. W. Goodwin, M.A.; Rev. Mark Pattison, B. D.; and Rev. Benjamin Jowett, M. A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.

As I have said, answers to the "Essays and Reviews" have been published by many persons, in the Church and out of it. But it was thought needful also that a *judicial* stigma should be cast on the authors of works so damaging to the general reputation, and the dogmas and traditions of the Established Church. A prosecution was therefore commenced in the Court of Arches (a tribunal for the decision of disputed theological and ecclesiastical matters in the English Church) against Rev. Dr. Williams, whose Essay on "Bunsen's Biblical Researches," corroborating the conclusions of that eminent scholar, was assumed to contain ideas at variance with the Thirty-nine Articles. After an elaborate trial, the Court of Arches gave judgment that some of the allegations against Dr. Williams were sustained, and that others were not sustained, by the evidence; and further, that the Thirty-nine Articles do not declare the infallible correctness of every portion of Scripture, nor enjoin a belief in that doctrine. This decision, on the whole, was damaging to the plaintiffs, showing that the Thirty-nine Articles had not so rigid a character as public opinion had ascribed to them, and discouraging any further attempts at prosecution. These things being so, a new combatant appeared in the field, in the shape of a book written by the Rt. Rev. J. W. Colenso, Bishop of Natal. The title of this book was—"The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined."

The preface to this book explains the circumstances that gave rise to it. When Bishop Colenso went to his African diocese, he of course applied himself to the study of the Zulu tongue, and, when sufficiently prepared, commenced a translation of the Bible into that language. Having finished the translation of the New Testament, as most important, he proceeded to the book of Genesis. While engaged upon this, of course with the help of the most intelligent natives within his reach, he experienced a renewal of the critical difficulties that had occurred in the period of his own early studies; and these reached their crisis in the following incident:—

"While translating the story of the Flood, I have had a simple-minded, but intelligent native—one with the docility of a child, but the reasoning powers of mature age—look up and ask, 'Is all that true? Do you really believe that all this happened thus—that all the beasts and birds and creeping things upon the earth, large and small, from hot countries and cold, came thus by pairs, and entered into the ark with Noah? And did Noah gather food for them *all*, for the beasts and birds of prey, as well as the rest?' My heart answered in the words of the Prophet, 'Shall a man speak lies in the name of the Lord?' Zech. xiii. 3. I dared not do so?"—*Preface to Part. I., p. 5, Am. ed.*

This incident, with various kindred circumstances, determined Bishop Colenso to make a careful critical examination, with the best helps he could attain, of these difficulties in the books commonly ascribed to Moses. The First Part of his work contains a careful analysis and comparison of several statements in the Pentateuch and the book of Joshua. The conclusions which this examination positively forces upon him are, "that the Pentatuch, as a whole, was not written by Moses, and that, with respect to some, at least, of the chief portions of the story, it cannot be regarded as historically true." To meet in advance a mis-statement which was sure to be made, the Bishop says, in his "Introductory Remarks"—

"But I wish to repeat here, most distinctly, that my reason for no longer receiving the Pentateuch as historically true is not that I find insuperable difficulties with regard to the *miracles*, or supernatural *revelations* of Almighty God, recorded in it, but solely that I cannot, as a true man, consent any longer to shut my eyes to the absolute, palpable self-contradictions of the narrative. The notion of miraculous or supernatural interference does not present to my own mind the difficulties which it seems to present to some. I could believe and receive the miracles of Scripture heartily, if only they were authenticated by a veracious history; though, if this is not the case with the Pentateuch, any miracles which rest on such an unstable support must necessarily fall to the ground with it."—*pp. 51, 2, Am. ed.*

The Second Part of Bishop Colenso's work examines the evidence (considered to amount to demonstration) that the Pentateuch is the work of two or more writers, whose accounts in some particulars contradict each other, one of them probably being Samuel, and none of them probably writing at a period earlier than his. It also considers various articles of philological evidence found in the historical books (earlier and later of the Old Testament, and also in the Psalms. A third part of the work is yet to come.

Of course, the publication of conclusions like these, with details of the evidence on which they rest, by a Bishop of the English Church, at once aroused the attention of the public, and also of the dignitaries of the Church itself. An immense number of the books was sold, and Appleton & Co., of New York, immediately reprinted them in this country. As in the case of the "Essays and Reviews," various writers attempted to reply, maintaining the old assumptions in regard to the infallibility of every portion of the Old Testament, some in Magazines and Reviews, and others in independent pamphlets or volumes. But, the author in question being a Bishop, something more was felt to be necessary.

After repeated consultations at the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a letter was framed, and ultimately sent, with the signatures of nearly * all the Archbishops and Bishops of the English Church, requesting Bishop Colenso to resign his bishoprick, in consequence of the new conclusions which he had adopted and published.

There are two ways in which a request of this sort may be viewed.

A great Corporation, conducting an immensely lucrative business, is suddenly informed by one of its members that in the course of his official duty he has become apprised of an error running through all their calculations, and deceiving and injuring all who do business with them; and that, considering it only fair and honest to do so, he has made correction of this error in his individual dealings with their customers. If they, thereupon, instead of thanking him for this piece of justice, and assisting him in the further investigation of the matter, and the righting of those who had been wronged by it, should at once request him to resign, relinquish the official position which enabled him to *execute* (as well as to report to their customers) the act of justice in question, and leave them to carry on the busiuess in the old way for the future—would not this proceeding seem to combine hardened effrontery with intentional fraud?

There is, however, another way of looking at it; a partial, incomplete way, yet plausible in the view of great numbers of people. A number of men have combined together, agreeing to do a certain business recognized by the law, in a certain prescribed way. One of them, in process of time, becomes convinced that he ought not any longer to do this business in the particular manner formerly agreed upon. Is it anything more than fair that he, failing in his part of the work in question, should withdraw from the partnership?

That which makes this statement plausible is the suppression of certain facts essential to a full understanding of it; the facts, namely, that another party, besides the members of this firm, are concerned in the business in question; and that that business has hitherto been so transacted as to mislead and defraud this other party, the customers of the firm. The new light received by the dissenting member of that firm discloses a new duty on his part to the customers, as well as to the partners. If he resigns, seeing that his fellow-partners wish to hush up the matter, and carry on the business in the old way, he relinquishes a certain amount of power to *execute* the justice in question, and to undo the injury he had unconsciously inflicted in former years.

Bishop Colenso replied to the letter of his brother Prelates, in substance, that, whatever allegiance might be held due from him to the Church, his allegiance to the Truth was higher and stronger. He considered it a duty, not only to that Church, but to the people of his diocese of Natal, and to the inquiring minds of all England, steadily to pursue the line of investigation he had commenced, and openly to publish its results. And, not holding himself in any manner disqualified by this position from the proper exercise of the Episcopal function, he would neither seem to admit such discrepancy by resignation, nor relinquish the advantage given him by the Bishop's chair for the prosecution of his work.

Such is the present position of affairs. Bishop Colenso declines accepting the insidious overture made to him, and the Lords Spiritual are considering, no doubt, whether any further method of staving off discussion, and evading inquiry into the merits of the case, yet remains to them. Meantime, *Punch* has versified the correspondence between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Natal, putting the actual facts into a neat and concise form, as follows:—

My Dear Colenso:
With regret
We hierarchs, in conclave met,
Beg you, you most disturbing writer,
To take off your colonial mitre.
This course we press upon you strongly.
Believe me,
Yours most truly,
Lambeth. LONGLEY.

My Dear Archbishop:
To resign
That Zulu diocese of mine,
And own myself a heathen dark,
Because I've doubts about Noah's ark,
And feel it right to tell all men so,
Is *not* the course for
Yours,
Kensington. COLENSO.

Since the demand and reply abovementioned, the "Convocation" has voted (by a majority, in the upper house, of one only,) that a Special Committee examine and report upon Bishop Colenso's work; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with two or more of the Bishops, have forbidden their Episcopal brother "to minister in the word and sacraments" within their respective dioceses. Thus a large body of readers is insured for the forthcoming Third Part of "The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua."

The Prefaces to the two Parts of Bishop Colenso's book thus far issued are of a character to impress the reader most favorably in regard to the spirit, motives and intentions of its author. He shows the need of investigation like his, both for the clergy and the people, that both classes may stand upon a basis of substantial truth, instead of agreeing to uphold in public something which they really disbelieve, and which *must* be disbelieved as soon as it is left to stand or fall according to the evidence. He declares that "there are multitudes, now, of the more intelligent clergy who do *not* believe in the reality of the Noachian Deluge, as described in the book of Genesis." And we all know how very largely this same sort of credulity is incidentally expressed in the best expositions of literature and science. A portion of the belief of members of the Episcopal church is held by mere force of superstition, resting upon no better basis than ecclesiastical usage, or, in other words, upon "the traditions of the elders." The author asks only "that good and learned men shall *candidly* meet these difficulties, grapple with them *fairly*, and vindicate the truth." But from this course the Prelates shrink, conscious that fair discussion would carry the field against them. All the attempted replies to the Bishop that I have seen rely upon disingenuous denials and evasions to sustain their cause, and add to these the atrocious insinuation that his books are directed *against* Christianity. In reply to such attempts to bind the great religious truths taught by Jesus of Nazareth in the same bundle with the traditional records of an obsolete nation, so that the two must stand or fall together, Bishop Colenso appropriately asks—

"When men delare, as some have done, that there can be no belief in God, no Religion, no laws binding on the conscience, no principles to purify the heart, no authoritative sanction for the most sacred duties of private, social and public life, unless these old stories of the Pentateuch are received with implicit faith—at least, in their main features—as literally and historically true, is not this really, in however disguised a form, the very depth of Infidelity?"

Before closing, let me mention a dishonorable trick which is, I believe, invariably practised by those writers, American and English, who take the side of the popular theology against writers like Bishop Colenso. It is to assume that an inquiry instituted, by impartial examination of evidence, into the credibility of the statements contained in the Pentateuch, or a conclusion of incredibility, founded on the results of such inquiry, is *an attack* on the Pentateuch, or Moses, or on the Bible, or on Christianity. It is nothing of the sort. It is an attack merely upon the assumption or hypothesis that those statements are infallibly true. To leave this trick to the contemptuous disregard which it merits, we need only remember the following facts, namely:—that the clergymen who assume infallibility for the Pentateuch are not themselves infallible, and may be in error, even if they are honest; and that the honesty of the more intelligent among them is brought into grave suspicion by their disingenuous dealing with a case in which they have a very strong pecuniary interest. It is out of the supposed assumption that every part of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures is "God's Word," and the equally unproved assumption that they themselves are "God's ambassadors to men," that the clergy get *their living*. If they will earn this living by means fair and above-board, very well; but when they raise a cry of "Infidel" or "Mad Dog" against every one who proposes to scrutinize the foundation of their assumptions, and when repeated assumption, combined with evasion, sophistry and falsehood, proves to be the staple of their replies to such scrutiny, they only show additional reason for carefully reading and candidly weighing the writings of men like Bishop Colenso.—C. K. W.

* It does not yet appear whether some of the Prelates declined to join in this request, or whether circumstances prevented application to them.

BRUTAL AND UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.

Yesterday afternoon, a party of four or five negroes were walking quietly down Walnut street, and when they were just opposite the Concordia House, they got into some difficulty with a party of white men, which resulted in a free fight, the combatants pelting each other with brickbats. A German tailor named Bartholomew Hilman, who had been instrumental in causing the disturbance, received a blow on the head from one of these missiles, which made a wound three inches in length. One of the negroes, named Goodrich, was also very severely injured. The negroes, however, took to flight almost immediately after the commencement of the fight, but some small boys, who had witnessed the disturbance, spread the report through the city that the "negroes were killing the whites." This caused the greatest excitement among the Irish portion of the population, which was still further increased when it was added that they had knocked down and killed a wounded soldier. A large crowd, over a thousand strong, gathered on Fifth street market space, and marched to the house of one of the negroes who had been with the party when they were first attacked, intending to "lynch" him. Police officers Hoke and Davis, hearing of their intentions, went on ahead, intending to take the parties to the station-house to save them from the violence of the mob. They got to the house first, which is on Sixth street, east of Broadway, and had taken out two of the negroes, named Charles Kite and Norman Spires, and were taking them off to the station-house, when they were met by the mob, who endeavored to take away the two men from them, but without success, the two officers protecting and sticking by their prisoners as best they could. When they had proceeded some little distance, a negro named Charles Graham, who, it seems, had had nothing whatever to do with the disturbance, came out of an alley; the crowd at once drew off for this fresh victim, seizing him, and beating him most unmercifully. Officer Hoke then resigned his prisoner to Davis, and endeavored to rescue Graham, but was himself badly beaten, and kept back from interfering. The arrival of a re-enforcement, however, enabled the officers eventually to rescue him, and he was carried to the Hammond-street station-house, when medical aid was procured, and it appears likely that he may recover, although he lies in a very dangerous condition. Apprehensions were felt that the excitement which this occasioned would produce a further outbreak in the evening, and Mayor Harris, accompanied by Chief of Police Ruffin, made a tour through the eastern part of the city, detailing an extra force of police to maintain order within the precincts of Bucktown; but as night drew on, the excitement entirely subsided, and by night the city was again quiet. An Irishman named Pat. Quinlan, who had been very prominent in the mob, was arrested, and taken to the Hammond street station.—*Cincinnati Gazette, April 20.*

EDUCATED SOLDIERS. It is stated that not one in five of the members of the 109th Regiment from Union county, Southern Illinois, can read. This regiment, which has been reduced by sickness and desertion to 120, has mutinied for the second time because they have not been paid up. Per contra—of the six hundred members of the colored regiment now raising in Massachusetts, at least one half can both read and write.

THE NEW SLAVE TRADE TREATY. The President has officially proclaimed the additional article to the treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave trade. It extends the reciprocal right of visit and detention, by providing that it may also be exercised within 30 leagues of the island of Madagascar, within 30 leagues of the island of Puerto Rico, and within the same distance of the island of San Domingo.

ONE OF THE MARRIAGES. William Henson, a colored gentlemen of seventy summers, was last evening united in marriage to Chloe Green, an aged colored lady of eighty years, at the residence of the latter, in Joy street, by one of Boston's most eloquent and respected white ministers. Mr. Henson has been married twice before, and is the father of twelve children. Chloe has just taken unto herself a husband for the fourth time, and is the happy mother of eighteen children, several of whom are alive and were present.—*Boston Traveller, April 24th.*

☞ Alexander H. Stevens, Vice President of the rebel confederacy, weighs only ninety-five pounds, and Jeff. Davis has a very "lean and hungry" look. The Confederacy itself is rather a light affair—faint at the stomach—and we hope will soon "dry up" and blow away.

☞ The Copperhead journals are denouncing Gen. Rosecrans for the patriotic sentiments he uttered in his recent letter to the Ohio Assembly, notwithstanding he entered the army as an Ohio Democrat; but we *notice that they never denounce Jeff. Davis!*—*Washington Republican.*

☞ We are still a reading people, notwithstanding the war. "Among the Pines" has reached the sale of 35,000 copies; "Artemus Ward," 15,000; "*Les Miserables*," 125,000 volumes; Parson Brownlow's book, 75,000.

☞ The national debt, at the close of the last quarter, March 31, was $929,188,147 27, including upwards of $345,000,000 in U. S. notes, on which there is no interest payable. The interest on the whole is about 3 1-3 per cent.